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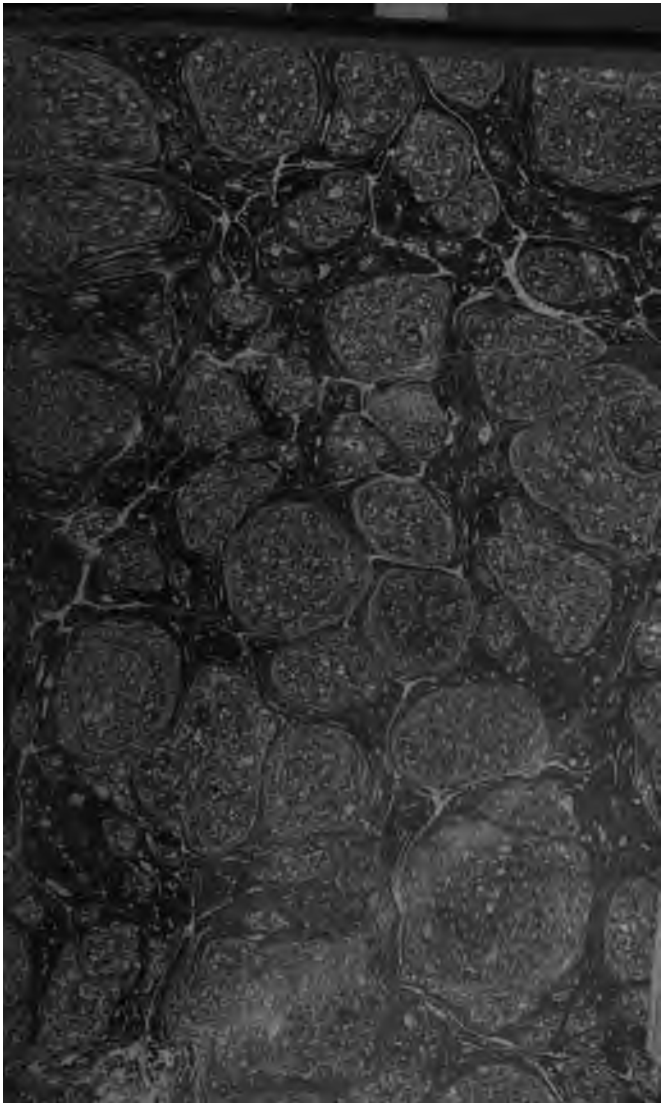

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POEMS

AND

PLAYS,

BY MR. JERNINGHAM.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THE NINTH EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed by Luke Hansard,
For NORNAVILLE and FELL, Successors to
Mr. Robson, New Bond-street.

1806.

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCE OF WALES.

.....

SIR,

THE soliciting so august a Patronage, is endeavouring at the same time to attract the favourable regard of the most enlightened Judge. However long or short the period may be which comprises

the duration of my poetry, it may boast of the present auspicious hour from the gracious reception of that illustrious Person to whom, *in these times*, the Country looks up with an expecting eye, and from whose eminent abilities she derives the flattering omen of her future prosperity.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your most respectful

faithful humble Servant,

EDWARD JERNINGHAM.

January 20th, 1806.

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THE

MAGDALENS;

A POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE MAGDALEN Charity was eſtabliſhed in the year 1758. A commodious habitation was engaged, in PRESCOT STREET, by the promoters of this benevolent inſtitution, and the houſe was opened on the tenth of Auguſt, when eight unhappy objects were admitted.

In the year 1772, the Charity was removed to a more ſpacious building in ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS.

THE

MAGDALENS.

See to yon fane the ſuppliant Nymphs repair,
At Virtue's ſhrine to breathe Contrition's ſigh:
Their youthful cheek is pal'd with early care,
And ſorrow dwells in their dejected eye.

Hark! they awake a ſolemn plaintive lay,
Where Grief with Harmony delights to meet:
Not Philomela from her lonely ſpray,
Trills her clear note more querulouſly ſweet.

Are theſe the fair (late Pleaſure's Feſtive quire)
Who wont the dome of Luxury to tread?
Who deck'd in varying faſhion's new attire,
Still vied in ſplendor with the high-born Maid?

For ſober weeds they change their flowing train,
Of the pearl bracelet ſtrip the graceful arm,
Conceal the breaſt that glow'd in ev'ry vein,
And madden'd into joy at Love's alarm.

Ah now no more the diamond's dazzling ray
Darts from the artful mazes of the hair;
No more thoſe treſſes gariſhly diſplay
The idle plumes that ſportive mock'd the air.

Yet Beauty lingers on their mournful brow,
As loth to leave the cheek ſuffus'd with tears,
Which ſcarcely bluſhing with a languid glow,
Like Morn's faint beam thro' gath'ring miſt appears.

No more compare them to the gaudy flow'r,
Whoſe painted foliage wantons in the gale:
They look the lily drooping from the ſhow'r,
Or the pale violet ſick'ning in the vale.

If fond of empire and of conqueſt vain,
They frequent vot'ries to their altars drew,
Yet blaz'd thoſe dazz'ling altars to their bane,
The idol they, and they the victim too!

Once deſtitute of counſel, aid, or food,
Some helpleſs orphans in this dome reſide,
Who (like the wand'ring children in the wood)
Trod the rude paths of life without a guide.

Some who encircled by the great and rich
Were won by wiles and deep-deſigning art,
By ſplendid bribes, and ſoft perſuaſive ſpeech,
Of pow'r to cheat the young unguarded heart.

Some on whom Beauty breath'd her radiant bloom,
While adverſe ſtars all other gifts remov'd;
Who hurried from the dungeon's living tomb,
To ſcenes their inborn virtue diſapprov'd.

What tho' their youth imbib'd an early ſtain,
A ſecond innocence is now their claim;
While in the precincts of this bleſs'd domain,
They baſk beneath the rays of riſing Fame.

So the young myrtles in Misfortune's day,
Nipt by the blaſt that ſwept their vernal bed,
In ſhelt'ring walls their tender leaves diſplay,
And wak'ning into life new fragrance ſhed.

Tho' white-wing'd Peace protect this calm abode,
Tho' each tumultuous paſſion be ſuppreſs'd,
Still Recollection wears a ſting to goad,
Still Conſcience wakes to rob their ſoul of reſt.

See one the tort'ring hour of mem'ry prove,
Who wrapt in penſive ſecrecy forlorn,
Sits muſing on the pledges of her love,
Who fell the victims of paternal ſcorn:

Forgot, deſerted in th' extremeſt need,
By him who ſhou'd have rear'd their tender age;
'Was this, Seducer, this the promis'd meed?'
She cries—then ſinks beneath Affliction's rage:

Her buſy mind recalls the fatal plain,
Which with ſlow lab'ring ſteps ſhe journey'd o'er,
Half-yielding to the fierce impetuous rain,
While in her arms two helpleſs babes ſhe bore:

Her mind recalls how at that awful hour
The diſmal Owlet ſcream'd her ſhiv'ring note,
How ſhriek'd the Spirit from the haunted tow'r,
While other ſounds of woe were heard remote:

How to the covert of a tott'ring ſhed,
As Night advanc'd, ſhe fearfully retir'd;
And as around the dark'ning horror ſpread,
Her famiſh'd infants on her breaſt expir'd:

How keeneſt Anguiſh bade her boſom bleed,
As there ſhe brooded o'er her hapleſs ſtate:
'Was this, Seducer, this the promis'd meed?'
She cries—then ſinks beneath Affliction's weight.

Another mourns her fall with grief ſincere.
Whom tranquil Reaſon tells ſhe 's ſhun'd, diſdain'd
Repuls'd as vile, by thoſe who held her dear,
Who call'd her once Companion, Siſter, Friend.

That recollects the day when loſt to ſhame,
She fondly ſacrific'd her veſtal charms,
Reſign'd the virgin's for an harlot's name,
And left a parent's for a ſpoiler's arms.

Imagination pictures to her mind
The father's rage, the mother's ſofter woe:
Unhappy pair! to that diſtreſs conſign'd,
A child can give, a parent only know.

At this deep ſcene, by Fancy drawn, impreſs'd,
The filial paſſions in her heart revive:
Reproach vindictive, ruſhes on her breaſt,
To Nature's pangs too feelingly alive.

If this, or ſimilar tormenting thought,
Cling to their ſoul, when penſively alone,
For youth's offence, for Love's alluring fault,
Say, do they not ſufficiently atone?

Nor deem me one of Melancholy's train,
If anxious for the ſorrow-wedded Fair,
Tho' little ſkilful of that heav'nly ſtrain,
Whoſe melting numbers to the heart repair:

I ſteal impatient from the idle throng,
The roving gay companions of my age,*
To temper with their praiſe my artleſs ſong,
And ſoft-ey'd Pity in their cauſe engage.

'Tis Virtue's taſk to ſoothe Affliction's ſmart,
To join in ſadneſs with the Fair diſtreſt:
Wake to another's pain the tender heart,
And urge to clemency the rigid breaſt.

* This poem was firſt publiſhed in 1763.

TARICO

TO

INKLE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

INKLE is preparing to ſet out for England, after having ſold YARICO to a merchant at Barbadoes, 'notwithſtanding that the poor Girl, (ſays the Spectator) to incline him to commiſerate her condition, told him that ſhe was with child by him: but he only made uſe of that information, to riſe in his demands upon the purchaſer.'

YARICO TO INKLE.

With falſehood lurking in thy ſordid breaſt,
And perj'ry's ſeal upon thy heart impreſt,
Dar'ſt thou, Oh Chriſtian! brave the ſounding waves,
The treach'rous whirlwinds, and untrophied graves?
Regardleſs of my woes, ſecurely go,
No curſe-fraught accents from theſe lips ſhall flow:
My fondeſt wiſh ſhall catch thy flying ſail,
Attend thy courſe, and urge the fav'ring gale:
May ev'ry bliſs thy God confers be thine,
And all thy ſhare of woe compris'd in mine.

ADVERTISEMENT.

INKLE is preparing to ſet out for England, after
ing ſold YARICO to a merchant at Barbadoes,
'withſtanding that the poor Girl, (ſays the
'tator) to incline him to commiſerate her c
'told him that ſhe was with child by
'only made uſe of that informa
'demands upon the purchaſer.'

One humble boon is all I now implore,
Allow theſe feet to print their kindred ſhore:
Give me, Oh Albion's ſon! again to roam,
For thee deſerted, my delightful home:
To view the groves that deck my native ſcene,
The limpid ſtream, that graceful glides between:
Retrieve the fame I ſpurn'd at Love's decree,
Aſcend the throne which I forſook for thee:
Approach the bow'r—(why ſtarts th' unbidden tear?)
Where once thy YARICO to thee was dear.

The ſcenes the hand of Time has thrown behind,
Return impetuous to my buſy mind:
'What hoſtile veſſel quits the roaring tide
'To harbour here its tempeſt-beaten ſide?
'Behold the beach receives the ſhipwreck'd crew:
'Oh mark their ſtrange attire and pallid hue!
'Are theſe the Chriſtians, reſtleſs ſons of pride,
'By avarice nurtur'd, to deceit allied?

' Who tread with cunning ſtep the maze of art,
' And maſk with placid looks a canker'd heart?
' Yet note, ſuperior to the num'rous throng,
' (E'en as the citron humbler plants among)
' That Youth!—Lo! beauty on his graceful brow,
' With nameleſs charms bids ev'ry feature glow:
' Ah! leave, fair ſtranger, this unſocial ground,
' Where danger broods, and fury ſtalks around:
' Behold thy foes advance—my ſteps purſue
' To where I'll ſcreen thee from their fatal view:
' He comes! he comes! th' ambroſial feaſt prepare,
' The fig, the palm-juice, nor th' anâna ſpare:
' In ſpacious caniſters nor fail to bring
' The ſcented foliage of the bluſhing ſpring:
' Ye graceful handmaids, dreſs the roſeat bow'r,
' And hail with muſic this auſpicious hour—
' Ah no! forbear—be ev'ry lyre unſtrung,
' More pleaſing muſic warbles from his tongue;
' Yet utter not to me the lover's vow,
' All, all is thine that Friendſhip can beſtow:

'Our laws, my ſtation, check the guilty flame—
'Why was I born, ye powers, a Nubian dame?
'Yet ſee around, at Love's enchanting call,
'Stern laws ſubmit, and vain diſtinctions fall:
'And mortals then enjoy life's tranſient day,
'When ſmit with paſſion they indulge the ſway:
'Yes! crown'd with bliſs, we'll roam the conſcious grov
'And drink long draughts of unexhauſted love:
'Nor joys alone, thy dangers too I'll ſhare,
'With thee the menace of the waves I'll dare:
'In vain—for ſmiles his brow deep frowns involve,
'The ſacred ties of Gratitude diſſolve,
'See Faith diſtracted rends her comely hair,
'His fading vows while tainted zephyrs bear!'

Oh thou, before whoſe ſeraph-guarded throne
The Chriſtians bow, and other Gods diſown,
If, wrapt in darkneſs, thou deny'ſt thy ray,
And ſhroud'ſt from NUBIA thy celeſtial day!

Indulge this fervent pray'r, to thee addreſs'd,
Indulge, tho' utter'd from a ſable breaſt:
May gath'ring ſtorms eclipſe the chearful ſkies,
And mad'ning furies from thy hell ariſe:
With glaring torches meet his impious brow,
And drag him howling to the gulf below!—
Ah no! May Heav'n's bright meſſengers deſcend,
Obey his call, his ev'ry wiſh attend!
Still o'er his form their hov'ring wings diſplay!
If he be bleſt, theſe pangs admit allay:
Me ſtill her mark let angry Fortune deem,
So thou may'ſt walk beneath her cloudleſs beam.
Yet oft to my rapt ear didſt thou repeat,
That I ſuffic'd to frame thy bliſs compleat.
Deluded ſex! the dupes of man decreed,
We, ſplendid victims, at his altar bleed.
The grateful accents of thy praiſeful tongue,
Where artful flatt'ry too perſuaſive hung,
Like flow'rs adorn'd the path to my diſgrace,
And bade Deſtruction wear a ſmiling face.

Yet form'd by Nature in her choiceſt mould,
While on thy cheek her bluſhing charms unfold,
Who could oppoſe to thee ſtern Virtue's ſhield?
What tender virgin would not wiſh to yield?
But pleaſure on the wings of Time was born,
And I expos'd a prey to tyrant ſcorn.
Of low-born traders—mark the hand of fate!—
Is YARICO reduc'd to grace the ſtate,
Whoſe impious parents, an advent'rous band,
Imbru'd with guiltleſs blood my native land:
E'en ſnatch'd my father from his regal ſeat,
And ſtretch'd him breathleſs at their hoſtile feet!
Ill-fated prince! The Chriſtians ſought thy ſhore,
Unſheath'd the ſword, and mercy was no more.

But thou, fair ſtranger, cam'ſt with gentler mind
To ſhun the perils of the wrecking wind.
Amidſt thy foes thy ſafety ſtill I plan'd,
And reach'd for galling chains the myrtle band:

Nor then unconſcious of the ſecret fire,
Each heart voluptuous throb'd with warm deſire:
Ah pleaſing youth, kind object of my care,
Companion, Friend, and ev'ry name that's dear!
Say, from thy mind canſt thou ſo ſoon remove
The records graven by the hand of Love?
How as we wanton'd on the flow'ry ground,
The looſe-rob'd pleaſures danc'd unblam'd around:
Till to the ſight the growing burden prov'd
How thou o'ercam'ſt—and how, alas! I lov'd!
Too fatal proof! ſince thou with av'rice fraught,
Didſt baſely urge (ah! ſhun the wounding thought!)
That tender circumſtance—reveal it not,
Leſt torn with rage I curſe my fated lot:
Leſt ſtartled Reaſon abdicate her reign,
And Madneſs revel in this heated brain:
That tender circumſtance—inhuman part—
I will not weep, tho' ſerpents gnaw this heart:
Frail, frail reſolve! while guſhing from mine eye
The pearly drops theſe boaſtful words belie.

Alas! can Sorrow in this boſom ſleep,
Where ſtrikes Ingratitude her talons deep?
When he whom ſtill I love, to Nature dead,
Stabs Pleaſure as ſhe mounts the nuptial bed?
What time his guardian pow'r I moſt requir'd,
Againſt my fame and happineſs conſpir'd!
And (do I live to breathe the barb'rous tale?)
His faithful YARICO expos'd to ſale!
Yes, baſely urg'd, (regardleſs of my pray'rs,
E'en while I bath'd his venal hand with tears)
The tend'reſt circumſtance—I can no more—
My future child—to ſwell his impious ſtore:—
All, all mankind for this will riſe thy foe,
But I, alas! alone endure the woe:
Endure what healing balms can ne'er controul,
The heart-lodg'd ſtings and agony of ſoul.—
Was it for this I left my native plain,
And dar'd the tempeſt brooding on the main?
For this unlock'd (ſeduc'd by Chriſtian art)
The chaſte affections of my virgin heart?

Within this boſom fan'd the conſtant flame,
And fondly languiſh'd for a Mother's name?
Lo! ev'ry hope is poiſon'd in its bloom,
And horrors watch around this guilty womb.

With blood illuſtrious circling thro' theſe veins,
Which ne'er was chequer'd with plebeian ſtains,
Thro' anceſtry's long line ennobled ſprings,
From fame-crown'd warriors and exalted kings,
Muſt I the ſhafts of Infamy ſuſtain?
To Slav'ry's purpoſes my Infant train?
To catch the glances of his haughty lord?
Attend obedient at the feſtive board?
From hands unſcepter'd take the ſcornful blow?
Uproot the thoughts of glory as they grow?
Let this pervade at length thy heart of ſteel;
Yet, yet return, nor bluſh, oh man! to feel:
Ah! guide thy ſteps from yon expecting fleet,
Thine injur'd YARICO relenting meet:

Bid her recline, woe-ſtricken, on thy breaſt,
And huſh her raging ſorrows into reſt!

If Pity's voice can't wake thy torpid ſoul,
Let Terror her impending thunder roll:—
'Twas night—my ſolitary couch I preſs'd,
Till ſorrow-worn I wearied into reſt:
Methought—nor was it childiſh Fancy's flight—
My country's Genius ſtood confeſs'd to ſight:
'Let Europe's ſons (he ſaid) enrich their ſhore
'With ſtones of luſtre, and barbaric ore:
'Adorn their country with their ſplendid ſtealth,
'Unnative foppery, and gorgeous wealth;
'Embelliſh ſtill her form with foreign ſpoils,
'Till like a gaudy proſtitute ſhe ſmiles:
'The day, th' avenging day at length ſhall riſe,
'And tears ſhall trickle from that harlot's eyes:
'Her own Gods ſhall prepare the fatal doom
'Lodg'd in Time's pregnant and deſtructive womb;

'The miſchief-bearing womb, theſe hands ſhall rend,
'And ſtraight ſhall iſſue forth Confuſion's fiend.'

Say, ALBION youth, flow all my words in vain,
Like ſeeds that ſtrew the rude ungrateful plain?
Say, ſhall I ne'er regain thy wonted grace?
Ne'er ſtretch theſe arms to catch the wiſh'd embrace?
Enough—with new-awak'd reſentment fraught
Aſſiſt me, Heav'n! to tear him from my thought:
No longer vainly ſuppliant will I bow,
And give to love, what I to hatred owe;
Forgetful of the race from whence I came,
With woe acquainted, but unknown to ſhame.
Hence, vile Dejection, with thy plaintive pray'r,
Thy bended knee, and ſtill deſcending tear:
Rejoin, rejoin the pale-complexion'd train—
The conflict's paſt—and I'm myſelf again.

Thou parent Sun! if e'er with pious lay
I uſher'd in thy world-reviving ray!

Or as thy fainter beams illum'd the weſt,
With grateful voice I hymn'd thee to thy reſt!
Beheld, with wond'ring eye, thy radiant ſeat,
Or ſought thy ſacred dome with unclad feet!
If near to thy bright altars as I drew,
My votive lamb thy holy Flamen ſlew!
Forgive! that I, irrev'rent of thy name,
Dar'd for thy foe indulge th' unhallow'd flame:
E'en on a Chriſtian laviſh'd my eſteem,
And ſcorn'd the ſable children of thy beam.
This poniard, by my daring hand impreſt,
Shall drink the ruddy drops that warm my breaſt:
Nor I alone, by this immortal deed
From Slav'ry's laws my infant ſhall be freed.
And thou, whoſe ear is deaf to Pity's call,
Behold at length thy deſtin'd victim fall;
Behold thy once-lov'd NUBIAN ſtain'd with gore,
Unwept, extended on the crimſon floor:
Theſe temples clouded with the ſhades of death,
Theſe lips unconſcious of the ling'ring breath:

Theſe eyes uprais'd (ere clos'd by Fate's decree)
To catch expiring one faint glimpſe of thee.
Ah! then thy YARICO forbear to dread,
My fault'ring voice no longer will upbraid,
Demand due vengeance of the pow'rs above,
Or, more offenſive ſtill, implore thy love.

THE NUN;

OR,

ADALEIDA TO HER FRIEND.

WITH each perfection dawning on her mind,
All Beauty's treaſure op'ning on her cheek:
Each flatt'ring hope ſubdu'd, each wiſh reſign'd,
Does gay OPHELIA this lone manſion ſeek?

Say, gentle maid, what prompts thee to forſake
The paths thy birth and fortune ſtrew with flow'rs?
Thro' Nature's kind endearing ties to break,
And waſte in cloiſter'd walls thy penſive hours?

Let ſober thought reſtrain thine erring zeal,
That guides thy footſteps to the veſtal gate;
Leſt thy ſoft heart (this friendſhip bids reveal)
Like mine unbleſt, ſhould mourn like mine too late.

THE NUN.

Does ſome angelic lonely-whiſp'ring voice,
Some ſacred impulſe, or ſome dream divine,
Applaud the dictates of thy early choice?—
Approach with confidence the awful ſhrine.

There kneeling at yon altar's marble baſe,
(While tears of rapture from thine eye-lid ſteal,
And ſmiling Heav'n illumes thy ſoul with grace)
Pronounce the vow thou never can'ſt repeal.

But if miſled by falſe-entitled friends,
Who ſay—'that Peace with all her comely train,
'From ſtarry regions to this clime deſcends,
'Smooths ev'ry frown, and ſoftens ev'ry pain:

'That veſtals tread Contentment's flow'ry lawn,
'Approv'd of Innocence, by Health careſt:
'That rob'd in colours of the vernal dawn,
'Celeſtial Hope ſits ſmiling at their breaſt.'

Suſpect their ſyren ſong and artful ſtyle,
Their pleaſing ſounds ſome treach'rous thought conceal;
Full oft does pride with ſainted voice beguile,
And ſordid int'reſt wear the maſk of zeal.

A tyrant abbeſs here perchance may reign,
Who, fond of pow'r, affects th' imperial nod;
Looks down diſdainful on her female train,
And rules the cloiſter with an iron rod.

Reflection ſickens at the life-long tie,
Back-glancing Mem'ry acts her buſy part;
Its charm the world unfolds to Fancy's eye,
And ſheds allurement on the youthful heart.

Lo! Diſcord enters at the ſacred porch,
Rage in her frown, and terror on her creſt:
E'en at the hallow'd lamps ſhe lights her torch,
And holds it flaming to each virgin breaſt.

But ſince the legends of monaſtic bliſs,
By fraud are fabled, and by youth believ'd;
Unbought experience learn from my diſtreſs,
Oh! mark my lot, and be no more deceiv'd.

Three luſtres ſcarce with haſty wing were fled,
When I was torn from ev'ry weeping friend;
A trembling victim to the temple led,
And (bluſh ye parents!) by a father's hand.

Yet then what ſolemn ſcenes deceiv'd my choice!
The pealing organ's animating ſound
The choral virgins' captivating voice,
The blazing altar, and the prieſts around:

The train of youth array'd in pureſt white,
Who ſcatter'd myrtles as I paſs'd along:
The thouſand lamps that pour'd a flood of light,
The kiſs of Peace from all the veſtal throng;

The golden cenſers toſs'd with graceful hand,
Whoſe fragrant breath ARABIAN odor ſhed;
Of meek-ey'd novices the circling band,
With blooming chaplets wreath'd around their head.

My willing ſoul was caught in rapture's flame,
While ſacred ardor glow'd in ev'ry vein;
Methought applauding angels ſung my name,
And Heav'n's unſullied glories gilt the fane.

Methought in ſun-beams rob'd the heav'nly ſpouſe
Indulg'd the longings of my holy love:
Not undelighted heard my virgin vows—
While o'er the altar wav'd the myſtic dove.

This temporary tranſport ſoon expir'd,
My drooping heart confeſs'd a dreadful void:
Now helpleſs, heav'n-abandon'd, uninſpir'd,
I tread this dome, to Miſery allied.

No wak'ning joy informs my ſullen breaſt,
Thro' op'ning ſkies no radiant ſeraph ſmiles;
No ſaint deſcends to ſoothe my ſoul to reſt;
No dream of bliſs the dreary night beguiles.

Here haggard Diſcontent ſtill haunts my view,
The umber'd genius reigns in ev'ry place;
Arrays each virtue in the darkeſt hue,
Chills ev'ry pray'r and cancels ev'ry grace.

I meet her ever in the chearleſs cell,
The gloomy grotto and the awful wood;
I hear her ever in the midnight bell,
The chiding gale, and hoarſe-reſounding flood.

This caus'd a mother's tender tears to flow,
(The ſad remembrance time ſhall ne'er eraſe)
When having ſeal'd th' irrevocable vow,
I haſten'd to receive her laſt embrace.

Yet ne'er did her maternal voice unfold
This cloiſter'd ſcene in all its horror dreſt;
Nor did ſhe then my trembling ſteps with-hold,
When here I enter'd a reluctant gueſt.

Ah! could ſhe view her only child betray'd,
And let ſubmiſſion o'er her love prevail?
Th' unfeeling prieſt why did ſhe not upbraid,
Forbid the vow; and rend the hov'ring veil?

Alas! ſhe might not—her relentleſs lord
Had ſeal'd her lips, and chid the riſing tear;
So Anguiſh in her breaſt conceal'd its hoard,
And all the Mother ſunk in dumb deſpair.

But thou who own'ſt a Father's ſacred name,
What act impell'd thee to this ruthleſs deed?
What crime had forfeited my filial claim?
And giv'n (Oh! blaſting thought) thy heart to bleed?

If then thine injur'd child deſerve thy care,
Oh! haſte and bear her from this loneſome gloom:
In vain—no words can ſoothe his rigid ear;
And iron laws have riveted my doom.

Yet let me to my fate ſubmiſſive bow;
From fatal ſymptoms, if I right conceive,
This ſtream, OPHELIA, has not long to flow,
This voice to murmur, and this breaſt to heave.

Ah! when extended on th' untimely bier,
To yonder vault this form ſhall be convey'd;
Thou'lt not refuſe to ſhed one grateful tear,
And breathe the requiem to my fleeting ſhade.

With pious footſteps join the ſable train,
As thro' the lengthening iſle they take their way:
A glimmering taper let thy hand ſuſtain,
Thy ſoothing voice attune the funeral lay.

Behold the miniſter who lately gave
The ſacred veil, in garb of mournful hue,
(More friendly office), bending o'er my grave,
And ſprinkling my remains with hallow'd dew:

As o'er the corſe he ſtrews the humbling duſt,
The ſterneſt heart will raiſe Compaſſion's ſigh;
E'en then, no longer to his child unjuſt,
The tears may trickle from a FATHER's eye.

THE

NUNNERY.*

Now pants the night-breeze thro' the darken'd air,
And Silence ſooths the veſtal world to reſt,
Save where ſome pale-ey'd novice (rapt in pray'r)
Heaves a deep moan, and ſmites her guiltleſs breaſt.

Within thoſe ancient walls with moſs o'erſpread,
Where Grief and Innocence their vigils keep,
Each in her humble cell till midnight laid,
The gentle daughters of Devotion ſleep.

* This Poem, which was placed at the end of the volume in the former edition, comes with greater propriety immediately after the NUN: for as there ADALEIDA foretels her fate, ſo is her death mentioned in the NUNNERY, and marked with ſome peculiar circumſtances, which render the preſent Poem a ſupplement to the preceding one.

Of Wantonneſs the pleaſure-breathing lay,
Or Laughter beck'ning from his roſy ſeat,
Or Vanity attir'd in colours gay,
Shall ne'er allure them from their ſober ſtate.

Domeſtic comforts they ſhall never know,
Nor voice of kindred reach their diſtant ear:
Ne'er with a mother's tranſport ſhall they glow,
While playful children charm the ling'ring year.

The various flow'rs in many a wreath they twine,
To crown the altar on ſome feſtive day;
How fervent do they kiſs each holy ſhrine!
How thro' the columns ſtreams the choral lay!

Let not Ambition mock with jeſt profane,
The life that woos Retreat's obſcureſt ſhade,
Nor worldly Beauty with a ſneer diſdain,
The humble duties of the cloiſter'd Maid.

The glift'ning eye, the half-ſeen breaſt of ſnow,
The coral lip, the bluſh of Nature's bloom,
Awaits alike th' inexorable foe,
The paths of Pleaſure lead but to the tomb.

Perhaps in this drear manſion are confin'd
Some boſom form'd to love, unſpoil'd by art;
Charms that might ſoften the ſevereſt mind,
And wake to extacy the coldeſt heart.

Full many a riv'let wand'ring to the main,
Sequeſter'd pours its ſolitary ſtream:
Full many a lamp devoted to the ſane,
Sheds unregarded its nocturnal beam.

Some uncrown'd MARGARET, loit'ring in her cell,
By Nature form'd bright Glory's courſe to run;
Here ſome inglorious MOUNTAGU may dwell,
Some EDITHA *, unconſcious of a ſon.

* Mr. POPE's Mother.

From Flatt'ry's lip to drink the ſweets of praiſe,
In conſcious charms with rivals ſtill to vie:
In circles to attract the partial gaze,
And view their beauty in th' admirer's eye,

Their lot forbids: nor does alone remove
The thirſt of praiſe, but e'en their crimes reſtrain:
Forbids thro' Folly's labyrinth to rove,
And yield to Vanity the flowing rein.

To rear 'mid Hymen's joys domeſtic ſtrife,
Or ſeek that converſe which they ought to ſhun;
To looſe the ſacred ties of nuptial life,
And give to many what they vow'd to one.

What tho' they're ſprinkled with etherial dew!
With blooming wreaths by hands of Seraphs crown'd!
Tho' Heav'n's unfading ſplendors burſt to view,
And harps celeſtial to their ear reſound!

Still Recollection prompts the frequent ſigh,
The chearful ſcenes of younger days ariſe;
Still to their native home their wiſhes fly,
Affection's ſtream ſtill guſhes from their eyes:

For who entranc'd in viſions from above,
The thought of kindred razes from the mind?
Feels in the ſoul no warm returning love,
For ſome endear'd companion left behind?

Their joy-encircled hearth as they forſook,
From ſome fond breaſt reluctant they withdrew;
As from the deck they ſent a farewell look,
Fair ALBION ſunk for ever from their view.

For thee who mindful of th' encloiſter'd train,
Doſt in theſe lines their mournful tale relate,
If by Compaſſion guided to this fane,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall enquire thy fate:

Haply ſome matron-veſtal may reply,
" Oft have we heard him, when Light's ling'ring ray
" Scarce mark'd its paſſage thro' the dark'ning ſky,
" At yonder altar join the veſper-lay.

" Where hapleſs ADALEIDA ſought repoſe,
" Oft at yon grave wou'd he her fate condole!
" And in his breaſt as ſcenes of grief aroſe,
" He ſaw aſcending ſlow her ſpotleſs ſoul:

Peace to my EDWARD's *heart, the viſion ſaid,*
Ah! not unſeen thou ſhed'ſt that grateful tear;
I wait at night to catch thy wonted tread,
And thank thy faithful love that ſorrows here.

" One eve I miſs'd him at the hour divine;
" Along that iſle, and in the ſacriſty:
" Another came, not yet beſide the ſhrine,
" Not at the font, nor in the church was he:

" The next we heard the bell of Death intone,
" And to his grave we mov'd, a mournful band;
" Approach and read, on this ſepulchral ſtone,
" Theſe lines, engrav'd by Friendſhip's holy hand:"

EPITAPH.

Pauſe o'er the Youth—nor grudge the ſhort delay·
Full ſoon his little hiſtory is told—
He gave to Solitude the penſive day,
And Pity fram'd his boſom of her mould.

THE

DESERTER.

By others bleſt with genius' rays
Let noble acts be told,
While I, content with humbler praiſe,
A ſimple tale unfold:

The SPANIARD left the hoſtile plain,
To ſeek his native land,
Beneath the ſails that ſwept the main,
CABEYSA join'd the band:

Who, as he met his country's foes
Within the field of Fame,
Above his rank obſcure aroſe,
And grac'd his humble name:

Yet not the early wreath of Fame
With haughtineſs was twin'd:
Nor pride nor fickleneſs could claim
The empire of his mind:

The lowly hut, beneath whoſe roof
He ſigh'd a ſad adieu,
Receiv'd him (time and diſtance-proof)
To Love and LAURA true:

This hamlet-fair, by Fortune ſcorn'd,
Seem'd Nature's fav'rite child,
With hand profuſe by her adorn'd
—The flowret of the wild!

Her neat but homely garments preſs'd
The pure, the feeling heart,
Oft ſought in vain behind the veſt
Of decorated art:

" If ſharing all thy cares (ſhe ſaid)
" Has paled my beauty's roſe,
" Ah! know, for thee the heart that bled,
" With all its paſſion glows:

" Bleſt moment, to my wiſh that gives
" The long long abſent youth!
" He lives—th' endear'd CABEYSA lives,
" And Love confirms the truth.

" When thy brave comrades fell around,
" What Pow'r's benignant care
" Secur'd thee from the fatal wound,
" And LAURA from deſpair?

" Oft in the troubling dream of night
" I ſaw the ruſhing ſpear;
" Nor did the Morn's awak'ning light
" Diſpel the ling'ring fear."

" Thy tender fears (the youth replied)
" Ah give them to the air!
" To happineſs we're now allied,
" And pleaſure be our care:

" Let us purſue the joy begun,
" Nor loſe by dull delay:
" Say, LAURA, ſhall to-morrow's ſun
" Illume our nuptial day?"

With look declin'd ſhe bluſh'd conſent—
Reſerve that takes alarm,
And Love and Joy their influence lent
To raiſe meek Beauty's charm.

The gueſts, to hail the wedded pair,
Beneath their roof repair'd;
With them the little feaſt to ſhare
Their ſcanty purſe prepar'd:

Tho' no delicious wines were pour'd,
Mirth took his deſtin'd place,
The handmaid Neatneſs ſpread the board,
And ſage Content ſaid grace.

Scarce thro' one haſty week had Love
His grateful bleſſings ſhed,
When bliſs (as flies the frighted dove)
Their humble manſion fled:

'Twas at BELLONA's voice it flew,
That call'd to War's alarms:
Bad the youth riſe, to valor true,
And break from LAURA's arms:

But ſhe ſtill ſtrain'd him to her heart,
To lengthen the adieu:
" Ah what, (ſhe ſaid) ſhould'ſt thou depart,
" Shall I and Sorrow dò?

"Say, valiant youth, when thou'rt away
"Who'll raiſe my drooping head?
"How ſhall I chaſe the fears that ſay
"Thy lov'd CABRYSA's dead?

"With thine my fate I now involve,
"Intent thy courſe to ſteer;
"No words ſhall ſhake my firm reſolve,
"Not e'en that trickling tear."

"Fram'd for each ſcene of ſoft delight,
"(He ſaid) thy gentle form,
"As ſhrinks the lily at the blight,
"Will droop beneath the ſtorm."

"Bleſt in thy preſence! ev'ry pain
"(She added) brings its charm,
"And Love, tho' falls the beating rain,
"Will keep this boſom warm."

E'en as the wall-flow'r rears its head,
'Mid ruins, wrecks, and tombs,
So 'mid the woes around that ſpread,
True Love unconquer'd blooms.

Her zeal (the ſupplement of ſtrength)
Upheld her many a day,
But Nature's pow'rs ſubdued at length,
On Sickneſs' couch ſhe lay:

Three painful days unſeen ſhe lay
Of him ſhe held ſo dear:
" Ah! does he thus my love repay?"
She ſaid—and dropt a tear:

" CABEYSA, at a league's remove,
" Dwells on the tent-ſpread hill:
" Ah! wherefore did he vow true love,
" And not that vow fulfil?"

Yet not deficiency of truth
Forbad to yield relief,
Stern pow'r with-held the tender youth,
And duty to his chief:

Who, wiſely counſel'd, drew a line
To check the hand of Stealth,
That ravag'd wide th' encircling vine,
The humble peaſant's wealth:

To paſs the line, it was ordain'd,
Whoever ſhould preſume,
Should a Deſerter be arraign'd,
And meet the coward's doom.

This law, by Equity approv'd,
And to the peaſant dear,
Soon to the brave CABEYSA prov'd
Deſtructively ſevere:

Now LAURA's image haunts his ſoul,
In Woe's dark tints array'd:
While to his breaſt Compaſſion ſtole,
And all her claims diſplay'd:

"For me her native home, (he ſaid)
"For me each weeping friend,
"For me a Father's arms ſhe fled—
"And ſhall not Love attend?

"Say for a choſen lover's ſake,
"What more cou'd woman do?
"And now that Health and Peace forſake,
"Shall I forſake her too?

"Now ſtretch'd upon the naked ground,
"Oppreſs'd with pain and fear,
"She caſts a languid eye around,
"Nor ſees CABEYSA near:

" Now, now ſhe weeps at my delay,
" And ſhall neglect be mine?
" Submit, ye fears, to Pity's ſway:"
He ſpoke—and croſs'd the line.

Soon at his ſight the fair reſum'd
Each captivating grace:
On her pale cheek the roſe re-bloom'd,
And ſmiles illum'd her face.

Yet to that cheek return'd in vain
Bright Health's vermilion dye,
For bitter tears that cheek ſhall ſtain,
And dim her brilliant eye:

The youth returning thro' the gloom,
At Midnight's ſecret hour,
Was ſeiz'd—and to Diſhonour's tomb
Doom'd by the martial pow'r.

To meet his fate at wake of day
(Love's victim) he was led:
No weakneſs did his cheek betray,
While to the chief he ſaid,

" If in the battle death I've dar'd,
" In all its horror dreſt,
" Think not this ſcene, by thee prepar'd,
" Sheds terror on my breaſt:

" Yet then at LAURA's hapleſs fate,
" My fortitude impairs,
" Unmann'd I ſink beneath the weight
" Of her oppreſſive cares:

" Ah! when her grief-torn heart ſhall bleed,
" Some little ſolace grant,
" Oh! guard her in the hour of need
" From the rude hand of Want!"

Now, kneeling on the fatal ſpot,
He twin'd the dark'ning band:
The twelve, who drew th' unwelcome lot,
Reluctant took their ſtand:

And now the murm'ring throng grew dumb,
'Twas ſilence all—ſave where,
At intervals, the ſullen drum
Struck horror on the ear:

Now, with their death-fraught tubes up-rear'd,
The deſtin'd twelve were ſeen—
And now th' exploſion dire was heard
That clos'd CABEYSA's ſcene.

Another ſcene remain'd behind
For LAURA to ſupply—
She comes! mark how her tortur'd mind
Speaks thro' th' expreſſive eye:

" Forbear—will ye in blood (ſhe ſaid)
" Your cruel hands imbrue?
" On me, on me your vengeance ſhed,
" To me alone 'tis due:

" Relent—and to theſe arms again
" The valiant youth reſtore.
" I rave—already on the plain
" He welters in his gore."

Advancing now, ſhe pierc'd the crowd,
And reach'd the fatal place,
Where, lifting from the corſe the ſhroud,
No ſemblance could ſhe trace.

" Is this—oh blaſting view! (ſhe cried)
" The youth who lov'd too well?
" His love for me the law defied,
" And for that love he fell!

" When will the grave this form receive? —
" Prepare the mutual tomb;
" There, only there, I'll ceaſe to grieve,
" There ceaſe to curſe my doom."

Now, conquer'd by Affection's force,
Which broke her heart in twain,
She ſunk upon the bleeding corſe,
And never roſe again.

IL LATTE.

Incipe, parve puer, riſu cognoſcere matrem.

YE Fair, for whom the hands of HYMEN weave
The nuptial wreath to deck your virgin brow,
While pleaſing pains the conſcious boſom heave,
And on the kindling cheek the bluſhes glow:

Whoſe ſpotleſs ſoul contains the better dow'r,
Whoſe life unſtain'd full many virtues vouch,
For whom now Venus frames the fragrant bow'r,
And ſcatters roſes o'er the deſtin'd couch:

To you I ſing.—Ah! ere the raptur'd youth
With trembling hand removes the jealous veil,
There, long regardleſs of the vows of truth,
Unſocial coyneſs ſtamp'd th' ungrateful ſeal:

Allow the poet round your flowing hair,
Cull'd from an humble vale, a wreath to twine,
To Beauty's altar with the Loves repair,
And wake the lute beſide that living ſhrine:

That ſacred ſhrine! where female virtue glows,
To which retreat the warm affections fly;
Where Love is born, where ſtrong attachment grows,
Where frames pure Conſtancy the faithful tye.

That ſhrine! where Nature with preſaging aim,
What time her friendly aid LUCINA brings,
The ſnowy nectar pours, delightful ſtream!
Where flutt'ring Cupids dip their purple wings:

For you who bear a Mother's ſacred name,
Whoſe cradled offſpring, in lamenting ſtrain,
With artleſs eloquence aſſerts his claim,
The boon of Nature, but aſſerts in vain:

Say why, illuſtrious daughters of the Great,
Lives not the nurſling at your tender breaſt?
By you protected in his frail eſtate?
By you attended, and by you careſs'd?

To venal hands, alas! can you reſign
The Parent's taſk, the Mother's pleaſing care?
To venal hands the ſmiling babe conſign?
While HYMEN ſtarts, and Nature drops a tear.

When 'mid the poliſh'd circle ye rejoice,
Or roving join fantaſtic Pleaſure's train,
Unheard perchance the nurſling lifts his voice,
His tears unnotic'd, and unſooth'd his pain.

Ah! what avails the coral crown'd with gold?
In heedleſs infancy the title vain?
The colours gay the purfled ſcarfs unfold?
The ſplendid nurs'ry, and th' attendant train?

Far better hadſt thou firſt beheld the light
Beneath the rafter of ſome roof obſcure;
There in a Mother's eye to read delight,
And in her cradling arm repoſe ſecure.——

Nor wonder, ſhould HYGEIA, bliſsful Queen!
Her wonted ſalutary gifts recall,
While haggard Pain applies his dagger keen,
And o'er the cradle Death unfolds his pall.

The flow'ret raviſh'd from its native air,
And bid to flouriſh in a foreign vale,
Does it not oft elude the planter's care,
And breathe its dying odors on the gale?

For you, ye plighted fair, when Hymen crowns
With tender offspring your unſhaken love,
Behold them not with Rigor's chilling frowns,
Nor from your ſight unfeelingly remove.

Unſway'd by Faſhion's dull unſeemly jeſt,
Still to the boſom let your infant cling,
There banquet oft, an ever-welcome gueſt,
Unblam'd inebriate at that healthful ſpring.

With fond ſolicitude each pain aſſuage,
Explain the look, awake the ready ſmile;
Unfeign'd attachment ſo ſhall you engage,
To crown with gratitude maternal toil:

So ſhall your daughters, in Affliction's day,
When o'er your form the gloom of age ſhall ſpread,
With lenient converſe chaſe the hours away,
And ſmooth with Duty's hand the widow'd bed:

Approach, compaſſionate, the voice of Grief,
And whiſper patience to the cloſing ear;
From Comfort's chalice miniſter relief,
And in the potion drop a filial tear.

So ſhall your ſons, when beauty's charms are fled,
When fades the languid luſtre in your eye;
When Flattery ſhuns her Hybla-drops to ſhed,
The want of beauty, and of praiſe, ſupply:

E'en from the wreath that decks the warrior's brow,
Some choſen leaves your peaceful walks ſhall ſtrew:
And e'en the flow'rs on claſſic ground that blow,
Shall all unfold their choiceſt ſweets for you.

When to th' embattled hoſt the trumpet blows,
While at the call fair ALBION's gallant train
Dare to the field their triple-number'd foes,
And chaſe them ſpeeding o'er the martial plain:

The mother kindles at the glorious thought,
And to her ſon's renown adjoins her name;
For at the nurt'ring breaſt the *Hero* caught
The love of Virtue, and the love of Fame.

Or in the ſenate, when Britannia's cauſe
With gen'rous themes inſpires the glowing mind,
While liſt'ning Freedom grateful looks applauſe,
Pale Slav'ry drops her chain, and ſculks behind:

With conſcious joy the tender parent fraught,
Still to her ſon's renown adjoins her name;
For at the nurt'ring breaſt the *Patriot* caught
The love of Virtue, and the love of Fame:

Yet then, aſcending ſtill with bolder view,
Should the bleſt youth to heav'nly gifts aſpire,
While with keen eye he pierces nature through,
And his proud boſom owns a Muſe of fire:

The Mother yields to Glory's ſoaring thought,
And darts of thrilling tranſport touch her frame;
For at the nurt'ring breaſt the *Poet* caught
The love of Virtue, and the love of Fame.

MATILDA.

Où ſont les entrailles, les cris, les emotions puiſſantes de la Nature? ——————C'eſt dans l'ame brulante et paſſionnée des Meres.

Eſſai ſur les Femmes.

OUTRAGEOUS did the loud wind blow
Acroſs the ſounding main:
The veſſel toſſing to and fro,
Could ſcarce the ſtorm ſuſtain.

MATILDA to her fearful breaſt
Held cloſe her infant dear;
His preſence all her fears increas'd,
And wak'd the tender tear.

Now nearer to the grateful ſhore
The ſhatter'd veſſel drew:
The daring waves now ceas'd to roar,
Now ſhout th' exulting crew.

MATILDA, with a Mother's joy,
Gave thanks to Heaven's pow'r:
How fervent ſhe embrac'd her boy!
How bleſt the ſaving hour!

Oh! much deceiv'd and hapleſs fair,
Tho' ceas'd the waves to roar,
Thou, from that fatal moment, ne'er
Didſt taſte of pleaſure more:

For, ſtepping forth from off the deck,
To reach the welcome ground,
The Babe, unclaſping from her neck,
Plung'd in the gulph profound.

Amazement-chain'd! her haggard eye
Gave not a tear to flow,
Her boſom heav'd no conſcious ſigh,
She ſtood a ſculptur'd woe.

To ſnatch the child from inſtant death,
Some brav'd the threat'ning main,
And to recall his fleeting breath
Try'd ev'ry art in vain.

But when the corſe firſt met her view,
Stretch'd on the pebbly ſtrand,
Rous'd from her ecſtacy ſhe flew,
And pierc'd th' oppoſing band.

With treſſes diſcompos'd and rude,
Fell proſtrate on the ground,
To th' infant's lips her lips ſhe glew'd,
And Sorrow burſt its bound.

Now throwing round a troubled glance,
With Madneſs' ray inflam'd,
And, breaking from her ſilent trance,
She wildly thus exclaim'd:

"Heard ye the helpleſs infant ſcream?
"Saw ye the mother bold?
"How, as ſhe flung him in the ſtream,
"The billows o'er him roll'd?

"But ſoft, awhile——ſee! there he lies,
"Embalm'd in infant ſleep:
"Why fall the dew-drops from your eyes?
"What cauſe is here to weep?

"Yes, yes—his little life is fled,
"His heaveleſs breaſt is cold:
"What tears will not thy Mother ſhed,
"When thy ſad tale is told!

" Ah me! that cheek of livid hue—
" That brow—that auburn hair—
" Thoſe lips where late the roſes blew,
" All, all my Son declare.

" Strange thrilling horrors chill each vein—
" A voice in accents wild
" Thunders to this diſtracted brain,
" MATILDA ſlew her child!"

She added not—but ſunk oppreſs'd—
Death on her eye-lids ſtole
While from her grief-diſtracted breaſt
She ſigh'd her tortur'd ſoul.

THE

SWEDISH CURATE,

A POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

CHRISTIERN the Second, king of Denmark, offered to appear in perſon at Stockholm, to frame a treaty of peace, provided GUSTAVUS VASA remained a hoſtage on board the Daniſh fleet. The king having by this ſtratagem ſecured the illuſtrious Swede, forcibly carried him away to Denmark, where he was impriſoned for a conſiderable time. GUSTAVUS at length found means of eſcaping from his confinement; and travelling through Sweden in diſguiſe, was received by SUVERDSIO, a poor country curate, who, at the hazard of his life, concealed him in the pariſh church, and informed him of every thing that had happened in Sweden during his abſence, particularly of the maſſacre of the ſenate at Stockholm, in which the father of GUSTAVUS was included.

THE

SWEDISH CURATE.

BENEATH the friendly veil that midnight ſpread,
GUSTAVUS to the patriot Prieſt was led,
An humble, plain, diſintereſted man,
Who rear'd his uſeful life on Virtue's plan:
Pleas'd to behold, entruſted to his care,
The hopes of Sweden, and fair Freedom's heir;
Leſt hoſtile ſteps ſhould their abode invade,
He to Religion's dome the Chief convey'd:
There unreſtrain'd he gladly own'd his gueſt,
And yielded to the zeal that fir'd his breaſt.

" Beneath yon hallow'd lamp's reſplendent light,
" Which glows a brilliant on the breaſt of Night,

" Let me thy long-loſt image now ſurvey,
" And grateful homage to GUSTAVUS pay:
" Oppreſs'd, o'erthrown at CHRISTIERN's dire dec
" Unhappy Sweden ſtill looks up to thee."

" Doſt thou with honeſt and indignant zeal,
The Hero anſwer'd, " ſpeak of Sweden's weal?
" Lament the ills the Daniſh hands achieve?
" Or doſt thou flatter only to deceive?
" Then be it ſo—call forth thy murd'ring train,
" And ſummon to my bier the cruel Dane;
" Thus to Preferment's ſummit ſhalt thou riſe,
" And catch the hov'ring mitre for thy prize."

" Misjudging Youth!" the ſacred Seer replied,
" Suppreſs th' injurious doubt, and ſtill confide:
" Tho' indigent I ſtand! yet far above
" The hov'ring mitre is my country's love:
" Let others to the gilded croſs aſpire,
" And from the crozier catch Ambition's fire,

" And as they baſk in Leo's foſt'ring ray,
" Their wealth, their pride, their pageantry diſplay:
" Let me, by grandeur undiſturb'd, unſeen,
" Content inſpher'd in Duty's humbler ſcene,
" Sequeſter'd lead my unaſpiring days,
" And quench at Virtue's fount the thirſt of praiſe;
" Be mine to dwell amidſt the village ſwains,
" Survey their pleaſures, and partake their pains,
" Still to their wants unfold my little ſtore,
" And place Contentment at the cottage-door.
" Ah! deem me then no longer Falſhood's ſon,
" (By ſome diſhoneſt meed's allurement won)
" Prompt to ſurpriſe thee with ignoble art,
" And thro' thy boſom pierce my country's heart.
" Avert it, Heav'n!—Shall on this hallow'd ground,
" Where all Religion's terrors breathe around,
" Say, ſhall Venality, with artful mien,
" Dare to profane this venerable ſcene?
" —Yon diſtant altar, dreſs'd in ſimple guiſe,
" Which ſeems from out th' encircling tombs to riſe,

" From whoſe dread baſe at each returning day,
" While o'er the world ten luſtres roll'd away,
" I've ſent to Heav'n, upon the wings of pray'r,
" The hamlet's homage and the hamlet's care,
" Shall ne'er behold me tott'ring o'er my grave,
" Falſe to my country, treach'rous to the brave."

The Chief, convinc'd, replies—" Oh! virtuous Seer,
" Thy firm intrepid zeal I now revere:
" That honour-breathing voice, thoſe ſilver hairs,
" That candid brow, engrav'd with Wiſdom's cares,
" All ſtrike my ſoul with Truth's unclouded ray,
" Before whoſe warmth Suſpicion melts away."

" Thrice happy hour!" th' exulting Paſtor ſaid,
" Let injur'd Sweden raiſe her drooping head,
" For lo! her godlike Hero comes to ſave
" Her laws, her rights, her freedom from the grave.
" —Urg'd in thy abſence by intruding fears,
" We thought thee dead, and bath'd that thought in tears."

" My death," the Chief return'd, " the Dane decreed,
" But fear, the tyrant's curſe, forbade the deed:
" Yet then the monarch ſpread his treach'rous ſails,
" And by the favor of conſpiring gales,
" Convey'd me on his rapid bark away,
" To his intruſted faith an helpleſs prey:
" Canſt thou conceive the pangs that ſtung my breaſt,
" I who to Fame my ardent vows addreſs'd,
" When for th' unblemiſh'd luſtre of renown,
" That plays encircling on young Valour's crown,
" Condemn'd by Fortune's inauſpicious doom,
" Theſe eyes were blaſted with a priſon's gloom?
" In ev'ry plan, in all my wiſhes croſs'd,
" Theſe arms, my zeal, my youth to Sweden loſt.
" But Heav'n, that watches with paternal care
" The blameleſs ſuff'rer, rais'd me from deſpair,
" Gave to my longing hopes the welcome hour,
" Decreed to ſnatch me from the Daniſh pow'r:
" Yet then new Sorrows did my path purſue,
" In ſcenes preſented to my mournful view:

" Still as I wander'd o'er my native land,
" I mark'd the ravage of a tyrant's hand:
" Rich Induſtry had fled the naked plains,
" To Slav'ry's banners march'd th' unwilling ſwains;
" Each lofty ſeat that crown'd the mountain's brow,
" And frown'd defiance on th' invading foe,
" Spoil'd of its honours, deſolate, diſgrac'd,
" Its turrets fall'n, its battlements defac'd!
" Seem'd to the penſive traveller to ſay,
" *Behold the dire effect of lawleſs ſway!*
" The dreary ſcene unequal to ſuſtain,
" I ſigh'd—and languiſh'd for my chains again:
" Yet other ills, perchance, I've ſtill to know,
" Perchance GUSTAVUS feels but half his woe.
" Averſe to walk beneath the eye of day,
" Oft thro' the night I urg'd my lonely way;
" Where'er I went my name I ſtill ſuppreſs'd,
" And lock'd each bold enquiry in my breaſt."

The Prieſt renew'd, " Heart-wounded I unveil,
' Replete with Sweden's woes, the cover'd tale:
' The barb'rous ſcene now rip'ning into fate,
' The Daniſh King unbarr'd Deſtruction's gate *:
' Stern Tyranny thro' trembling Stockholm bore
" Her tort'ring wheel, and axes ſtain'd with gore:
" While at her ſide a captive train appear'd—
" Illuſtrious train! by Liberty rever'd:
" Still as they paſs'd, they heard around them riſe
" The people's loud laments and piercing cries:
" Theſe eyes beheld (and do I live to tell?)
" How firm to Truth theſe patriot martyrs fell.
" Firſt on the ſcaffold, proud to lead the way
" To honour'd death from ignominious day,
" Appear'd—Ah! let me not that ſcene diſcloſe,
" And pour upon thy ſoul a flood of woes:
" Here will I pauſe—yet wherefore thus conceal
" What babbling Fame will ſoon to thee reveal?

* Alluding to the maſſacre of the ſenate at Stockholm.

" Oh! ſummon all thy fortitude of heart,
" For I muſt wound it in the tend'reſt part:
" He on the tragic ſcene who firſt appear'd,
" To meet the bloody axe that CHRISTIERN rear'd,
" Unblam'd through life, a venerable Seer,
" For whom now guſhes this unbidden tear,
" Who Virtue's ſteep aſcent unrivall'd won,
" Rever'd, regretted, call'd GUSTAVUS ſon!"

Th' aſtoniſh'd Hero, at his words oppreſs'd,
Like Sorrow's image ſtands with voice ſuppreſs'd:
The Prieſt, unequal to diſpenſe relief,
Stood at his ſide, enwrapp'd in ſilent grief.
—Now breaking from the chains Affliction fram'd,
And burſting into voice, the Youth exclaim'd:
" Oh injur'd ſpirit of my Father, hear!
" By yon dread altar, and theſe ſhrines, I ſwear,
" The baſe inhuman Dane the day ſhall rue
" He dar'd the ſcaffold with thy blood imbrue:

' A monitor within, to which I yield,
' Stirs and impels me to th' avenging field." •
He ſaid—a deeper darkneſs ſeem'd to reign,
A hollow wind ran murm'ring thro' the fane,
When lo! aſcending from the realms of Night,
An awe-commanding ſpectre ruſh'd to ſight:
Around his temples ſeem'd the civic wreath,
And thus prophetic ſpoke the Son of Death:
' Ariſe to vindicate the ſacred laws,
' Revenge thy father's and thy country's cauſe:
' Ariſe! to MORA's diſtant field repair,
' Where Freedom's banners catch the playful air;
' Beneath whoſe ſhade for thee impatient ſtand,
' Prepar'd to combat, an intrepid band:
' But whether in the bold enſanguin'd ſtrife
' Thou ſhalt or forfeit or prolong thy life—
' Thy foes ſhall fall—This to thy knowledge giv'n,
' The reſt lies buried in the breaſt of Heav'n:
' Still let my wrongs ſupport thee in the fight"—
He ceas'd—and inſtant vaniſh'd into night.

The Paſtor ſpoke—" Go forth, illuſtrious Chief,
At Heav'n's commandment, to the realm's relief:
Yet then indulge me in this bold requeſt,
" Say, is each meaner thought ſubdu'd to reſt?
" Say, in this ſolemn and important hour,
" Glows not thy boſom with the luſt of pow'r?"

" Not all the radiant ſun-beams of renown,
" Nor yet the dazzling luſtre of a crown,
" Shall e'er," the Youth replies, " this heart control:
" — My country's love poſſeſſes all my ſoul.
" E'en as the bird that from its aſhes ſprings,
" And ſoars aloft upon exulting wings,
" So does my country's love its birth aſſume,
" And mount triumphant from the paſſions' tomb.
" But ſhould I view, unnumber'd with the ſlain,
" 'Tis all I aſk, fair Freedom's future reign,
" Then from my gratitude thy voice ſhall claim
" All that thy want or fondeſt wiſh can frame."

"No ſplendid gifts," the virtuous man rejoin'd,
"Have pow'r to move the duty-center'd mind:
"Yet would thy gratitude my love ſecure,
"Then be, Oh Chief! a father to the poor:—
"Illuſtrious offspring of an honour'd race,
"Allow my warm attachment this embrace."
He ſpoke—and, with a love devoid of art,
He preſs'd GUSTAVUS to his feeling heart.
Now, breaking from the Youth's encircling arms,
Reſign'd him to his fate and War's alarms:
Then to the ſacred altar he repair'd,
And thus aloud his ardent vows preferr'd:
"Oh Thou that liv'ſt enſhrin'd from mortal eye,
"Look down indulgent from thy ſacred ſky,
"See the bold Youth to valor's impulſe yield,
"See, ſee him haſt'ning to th' embattled field!
"—On Freedom's brow be his the wreath to twine!
"To ſee that happy glorious day be mine!"
He added not—Heav'n granted half his pray'r,
The reſt was ſcatter'd to th' abortive air.

Scarce had the Chief commenc'd his bold career,
When ſlept the Curate on the peaceful bier:
There heav'd the village ſwain the ſigh profound,
There ſtood the grateful poor lamenting round.
Thus mourn'd, thus honour'd, fell the hallow'd ſage,
A bright example to each future age!
The hamlet, jealous of her Paſtor's fame,
Adorn'd her ſimple annals with his name.

THE

FUNERAL

OF

ARABERT,

MONK OF LA TRAPPE,

A POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ARABERT, a young eccleſiaſtic, retired to the convent of LA TRAPPE, in obedience to a vow he had taken during a fit of illneſs: LEONORA, with whom he had lived in the ſtricteſt intimacy, followed her lover, and by the means of a diſguiſe, obtained admiſſion into the monaſtery, where a few days after ſhe aſſiſted at her lover's funeral.

THE

FUNERAL, &c.

FAIR LEONORA, by Affliction led,
Sought the dread dome where ſleep the hallow'd dead:
The ſolemn edifice was wrapt around
In midnight darkneſs, and in peace profound:
A ſolitary lamp, with languid light,
Serv'd not to chaſe, but to diſcloſe the night;
Serv'd to diſcloſe (the ſource of all her pains)
The tomb that gap'd for ARABERT's remains:
To this, ſhe ſent the deep, the frequent ſigh,
And ſpoke—the warm tear ruſhing from her eye.

'Doom'd to receive all that my ſoul holds dear,
'Give him that reſt his heart refus'd him here:

'Oh! ſcreen him from the pain the tender know,
'The train of ſorrows that from paſſion flow!
'And to his happier envied ſtate adjoin,
'(Or all is vain) an ignorance of mine.'

As thus ſhe mourn'd, an aged prieſt drew near,
(Whoſe pure life glided as the riv'let clear)
The virtuous ANSELM.—Tho' in cloiſters bred,
Still bright-ey'd Wiſdom to his cell he led:
From paths of ſophiſtry he lov'd to ſtray,
To tread the walk where Nature led the way.
The Prior's rank he long had held approv'd,
Eſteem'd, rever'd, and as a parent lov'd:
Unſkilful in the jargon of the ſchools,
He knew Humanity's diviner rules;
To others gentle, to himſelf ſevere,
On Sorrow's wound he dropt the healing tear.
In all the negligence of grief, he found
The fair extended on the naked ground.

Touch'd at her woe, the ſacred Father ſaid,
'Well may'ſt thou droop if Happineſs be fled:
'Sure, if at holy ARABERT's deceaſe,
'Impetuous ſorrows ruſh upon thy peace,
'Some much-lov'd friend in him you muſt deplore,
'Or, dearer ſtill, a brother is no more:
'Yet, as thro' life our weary ſteps we bend,
'Let us not ſink when beating ſtorms deſcend:
'Still let Religion hold unrival'd ſway,
'And Patience walk companion of our way.
'Ah, loſe not ſight of that delightful ſhore,
'Whoſe bliſsful bow'rs ſhall friends to friends reſtore!
'Tho' here Misfortune comes to blaſt our will,
'The Heav'ns are juſt, and GOD a Father ſtill.'

'Bleſt be the voice,' the riſing mourner ſaid,
'That bids Affliction raiſe her drooping head:
'That bids me hope (beyond e'en Death's domain)
'Theſe eyes ſhall banquet on my love again.

'Ah, ſtart not, ANSELM—for, to truth allied,
'Impiety now throws her maſk aſide:
'No holy Monk, by Contemplation led
'To theſe ſequeſter'd manſions of the dead;
'No Youth devoted to Religion's pow'r,
'Implores thy pity at this awful hour.——
'The guilty ſecret I'll at length unfold—
'In me—(forgive!) a woman you behold.
'—Ah, fly me not! let Mercy now prevail,
'And deign to mark my ſad diſaſt'rous tale.

'Known to Misfortune from my tender years,
'My parents' aſhes drank my early tears:
'A barb'rous uncle, to each vice allied,
'The office of a parent ill ſupplied:
'Of my entire inheritance poſſeſs'd,
'By lucre prompted, and by fortune bleſt,
'He paſs'd the ocean never to return,
'And left me weeping o'er my parents' urn:

'Then ARABERT, the gen'rous ſtranger, came,
'To ſoothe my ſorrows, and relieve my ſhame:
'Beneath his tender care my woes decreas'd,
'More than Religion's, he was Pity's prieſt:
'To reach his bounty my affection ſtrove,
'Till gratitude was heighten'd into love:
'Nor he at length refus'd the lover's part,
'The pity that adorn'd, betray'd his heart.
'How ardently he wiſh'd the nuptial rite
'In holy wedlock might our hands unite!
'But ſtern Religion at our vows exclaim'd,
'And tore the bands that Love and Nature fram'd:
'For then devoted to her hallow'd ſhrine,
'His country's laws forbade him to be mine.
'Tho' from my mind each flatt'ring thought retir'd,
'And in my boſom Hope and Peace expir'd;
'Yet on their ruins Love triumphant roſe:
'Enough—ſhame o'er the reſt a mantle throws:
'At length Remorſe effac'd the guilty ſcene,
'And to his breaſt apply'd her dagger keen;

'Reſtrain'd in full career the erring youth,
'And led him back to Innocence and Truth:
'Twas then he fled (divorc'd from Pleaſure's chain)
'To woo Religion in this gloomy fane:
'Yet ere he fled, my bliſs he fondly plann'd,
'And ſcatter'd riches with a laviſh hand:
'Ah, what to me avail'd the golden ſtore?
'The giver gone, the gift could charm no more.

'While in the gloom his tedious abſence caſt,
'My former life in fancy I repaſs'd,
'Repentance gain'd admiſſion to my breaſt,
'Nor did it enter an unwelcome gueſt:
'For ne'er to Pleaſure I diſmiſs'd the rein
'Free and unconſcious of Reflection's pain;
'If hapleſs LEONORA lov'd too well,
'Content, fair Virtue's friend, with Virtue fell:
'But not my ſtubborn ſoul could pray'r ſubdue,
'E'en grafted on remorſe my paſſion grew;

'Too fatal paſſion—by its impulſe led,
'In man's attire to this retreat I fled:
'Yet then, e'en then t' baſhful Fear allied,
'Still o'er my Love did Modeſty preſide.
'In thoſe calm moments that precede the night,
'When peaceful Nature wears a ſoften'd light,
'I met the Youth within the ſolemn grove,
'(His frequent walk) abſorb'd in heav'nly love:
'By warm occaſion eagerly impell'd,
'A ſudden fear my ready ſteps withheld:
'While God and he employ the trembling ſcene,
'Twere ſacrilege, I cried, to ruſh between:
'Still from that hour my wiſhes I reſtrain'd,
'And in my breaſt th' unwilling ſecret chain'd;
'Unknown to him, yet half-content I grew,
'So that his form might daily charm my view.
'But new Affliction, with relentleſs hand,
'O'erthrew the project that my heart had plann'd;
'Amid the horrors of the loneſome night,
'A ghaſtly ſpectre ruſh'd upon my ſight,

' And pour'd theſe accents on my trembling ear,
' *Think not Impiety ſhall triumph here:*
' *Thy hopes are blaſted—Death's tremendous bell*
' *Shall ſound, ere many hours, thy lover's knell:*
' I ſtarted from my couch, with fright impreſs'd,
' Flew to the fane to calm my anxious breaſt,
' By love then prompted—yet by love diſmay'd,
' The peopled choir I tremblingly ſurvey'd;
' Sill 'mid th' innumerous monaſtic train,
' Theſe eyes ſolicited his form in vain:
' Nor in the field or penſive grove retir'd
' Could I diſcover whom my heart requir'd:
' Then ſure (I cried) at this unhappy hour
' Does Anguiſh o'er his cell diffuſe its pow'r:
' Shall LEONORA not relieve his pain,
' And with theſe arms his drooping head ſuſtain?
' Say, near the couch, when Death is ſtalking round,
' Shall not the ſpouſe of his fond heart be found?
' Ah no—th' affection that ſubdues me ſtill,
' At that dread moment check'd my ardent will,

'Leſt ruſhing on his ſight I ſhould controul
'The holy thoughts that hover'd o'er his ſoul.

'This low'ring morn diſclos'd the fatal truth:
'Oh early loſt—oh lov'd—oh hapleſs youth—
'Fix'd to the column of the hallow'd porch—
'Twas ſcarcely light—ſome Fury lent her torch—
'I read—

The pious ARABERT's *no more,*
The peace the dead require, for him implore:

'Let peace, let joy, (I ſaid) his ſpirit join,
'Nor joy nor peace muſt e'er encircle mine.
'Lamented Youth! too tenderly allied,
'In vain you fled me, and in vain you died;
'Still to your image, which this breaſt inurns,
'My conſtant heart a lamp perpetual burns.

'But thou, to whom as friend he did impart
'Each latent wiſh and foible of the heart;

'For well I know, where Sorrow drops a tear,
'Or Miſery complains, thou ſtill art near;
'Ah ſay, by love did my known image dreſt,
'Come to his mind thus welcome, thus careſt?
'Or on his ſoul come ruſhing undefir'd,
'The fatal fair, by female arts inſpir'd,
'Who dimm'd the luſtre of his radiant name,
'And from his temples tore the flow'r of fame;
'Who thro' the winding maze of Pleaſure's bow'r
'Allur'd (for beauty ſuch as mine had pow'r)
'E'en to the dang'rous ſteep—and caſt him down
'From high repute to grov'ling diſrenown?—
'Wretch that I am, to my diſtreſsful ſtate
'There wanted not th' addition of his hate:
'For him I plung'd my artleſs youth in ſhame,
'Unlock'd reſerve, and ſacrific'd my fame:
'Still, ſtill I fear (unable to confide,)
'Before my ARABERT, the lover died:
'This thought (to thee I'll own) ſuſpends my grief,
'While cold Indifference comes to my relief:

'Say, virtuous ANSELM, if this thought be vain,
'And give, Oh give me all my grief again!'

To her reply'd the pity-breathing ſeer,
'Mark well my words, and loſe thy idle fear:
'When on the couch of Death the victim lay,
'Not in that moment was his friend away:
'As at his ſide I took my mournful ſtand,
'With feeble graſp he ſeiz'd my offer'd hand,
'And thus began:—"The fatal dart is ſped,
"Soon, ſoon ſhall ARABERT encreaſe the dead:
"'Tis well—for what can added life beſtow,
"But days returning ſtill with added woe?
"Say, have I not ſecluded from my ſight
"The lovely object of my paſt delight?
"Ah, had I too dethron'd her from my mind,
"When here the holy brotherhood I join'd,
"Remorſe would not, encreaſing my diſeaſe,
"Prey on my ſoul, and rob it of its eaſe:

" And yet I ſtrove, unequal to the part,
" Weak to perform the ſacrifice of heart:
" And now, e'en now, too feeble to controul,
" I feel her clinging to my parting ſoul."
' He ſpoke—(my ſympathetic boſom bled)
' And to the realms of Death his ſpirit fled.'

The fair rejoin'd: ' Miſled by foul diſtruſt,
' To him, whoſe heart was mine, am I unjuſt?
' Ah, ARABERT, th' unwilling fault forgive,
' Dead to th' alluring world, in thee I live:
' My thoughts, my deep regret, my ſorrows own,
' No view, no object ſtill but thee alone:
' At all the vengeance burſting from above,
' Alarm'd, I weep, I ſhudder, yet I love.'

As thus ſhe ſpoke, the death-bell ſmote her ear,
While to the porch the fun'ral train drew near:
Ah, LEONORE, in that tremendous hour,
Didſt thou not feel all Heav'n's avenging pow'r,

When moving thro' the iſle the choral band,
And veſted prieſts, with torches in their hand,
Gave to thy view, unfortunately dear,
Thy lover ſleeping on th' untimely bier?

Collecting now at length her ſcatter'd force,
With trembling footſteps ſhe approach'd the corſe,
And, while ſhe check'd the conflict in her breaſt,
The wide-encircling throng ſhe thus addreſs'd:
'Well may ye mark me with aſtoniſh'd eyes,
'Audacious hypocrite in man's diſguiſe;
'Who, urg'd by paſſion, dar'd with ſteps profane
'Approach the hallow'd dome of Virtue's train:
'Lead me, ah lead me, to the dungeon's gloom,
'The rack prepare—I yield me to your doom:
'Yet ſtill ſhould Pity in your breaſt abide,
'And Pity ſure to Virtue is allied,
'To my diſtreſs benign attention lend,
'Your acts of rigor for a while ſuſpend,
'Till o'er this bier ('tis Nature's kind relief)
'*I've* pour'd my plaints, and paid the rites of Grief:

'Ah! he was dearer to this bleeding heart,
'Far dearer than expreſſion can impart.

'Thou who didſt place us in this vale of tears,
'Where Sorrow blaſts the plant that Pleaſure rears;
'If, as the tenets of our creed require,
'Thy waken'd juſtice breathe immortal ire;
'If Love, from whence e'en here misfortunes flow,
'Beyond the grave is curs'd with endleſs woe:
'Ah! not on ARABERT thy vengeance pour!
'On me, on me thy ſtorm of anger ſhow'r!
'For I allur'd him far from Virtue's way,
'And led his youthful innocence aſtray:
'Ah! not in puniſhment our fate conjoin,
'He ſhar'd the rapture, but the guilt was mine.'

With trembling hand ſhe now the veil withdrew, *
When lo, the well known features ſtruck her view:

* 'Tis uſual to bury the monks of La Trappe in their monaſtic *habit*, extended on a plank.

Abſorpt in grief ſhe caſt a fond ſurvey——
At length her thoughts in murmurs broke away:
'That eye—which ſhed on mine voluptuous light,
'Alas! how ſunk in everlaſting night!
'See from thoſe lips the living colour fled,
'Where Love reſided, and where Pleaſure fed!
'And where bright Eloquence had pour'd her ſtore
'Dumb Horror ſits—and Wiſdom is no more:
'Yet ere the worm (ſince this is doom'd its prey)
'Shall ſteal the ling'ring likeneſs quite away,
'On that cold lip ſure LEONORE may dwell,
'And, free from guilt, imprint the long farewel:'
She added not—but bending low her head,
Three times the mourner kiſs'd th' unconſcious dead.

Now holy ANSELM urg'd her to reſtrain
Her boundleſs grief, in rev'rence of the fane:
She anſwer'd, ſtarting from the ſable bier,
'Can I forget that ARABERT was dear?

'Can I, cold monitor! at once uproot
'Th' affections from my inmoſt ſoul that ſhoot?
'Can I forget, as deſtitute I lay,
'To ſickneſs, grief, and penury a prey,
'How eagerly he flew at Pity's call,
'Put forth his hand, and rais'd me from my fall?
'All unſolicited he gave me wealth,
'He gave me ſolace, and he gave me health:
'And, dearer than the bliſs thoſe gifts impart,
'He ſtrain'd me to his breaſt, and gave his heart:
'And ſhall theſe hallow'd walls and awful fane
'Reproach the voice that pours the praiſeful ſtrain?
'Say, at the friend's, the guardian's, lover's tomb,
'Can Sorrow ſleep, and Gratitude be dumb?
'But I ſubmit—and bend thus meekly low,
'To kiſs th' avenging hand that dealt the blow:
'Reſign'd I quit the loſing path I trod,
'Fall'n is my idol—and I worſhip God.'
She ceas'd—the choir intones the fun'ral ſong,
Which holy echoes plaintively prolong;

And now the ſolemn organ, tun'd to woe,
Pour'd the clear notes pathetically ſlow:
Theſe rites perform'd—along th' extending fane
She now attends the ſlow-proceeding train;
Who o'er the mournful cypreſs-ſhaded way,
To the expecting tomb the dead convey.
See now the prieſts the cloſing act prepare,
And to the darkſome vault commit their care:
At this dread ſcene, too feelingly diſtreſs'd,
She pour'd the laſt effuſions of her breaſt:
'Come, guardian Seraph, from thy throne above,
'And watch the tomb of my departed love!'

She paus'd—then (o'er the yawning tomb reclin'd)
In all the tenderneſs of grief rejoin'd:
'Oh Beauty's flow'r—Oh Pleaſure ever new—
'Oh Friendſhip, Love, and Conſtancy, adieu!
'Ye virtues that adorn'd th' unhappy Youth,
'Affection, Pity, Confidence, and Truth,

'The gen'rous thoughts that with the feeling dwell,
'And ſympathy of heart—farewell, farewell!
'Not all of ARABERT this tomb contains,
'All is not here while LEONORE remains:
'Methinks a voice e'en animates the clay,
'And in low accents ſummons me away:
'*Haſte*, LEONORE—*thy other ſelf rejoin*,
'*And let thy glowing aſhes mix with mine.*
'Ah, truſt me, ARABERT! to ſhare thy doom,
'Prepar'd, reſolv'd, I'll meet thee in the tomb:
'Forbear, Oh Heav'n, in pity to theſe tears,
'To curſe my ſorrow with a length of years!

'When this grief-drooping form ſhall preſs the bier,
'Say, virtuous ANSELM, wilt thou not be near,
'To grace the cloſe of my unhappy doom,
'And lay theſe limbs in this lamented tomb?
'Thus when this tortur'd heart ſhall ceaſe to rave,
'Our blended duſt ſhall warm the faithful grave:

'Nor diſtant far is that releaſing hour,
'For Nature now, oppreſs'd beyond her pow'r,
'Reſigns at length my troubled ſoul to reſt,
'And Grief's laſt anguiſh ruſhes thro' my breaſt.'

Behold her now extended on the ground,
And ſee the ſacred brethren kneeling round:
Them ſhe addreſſes in a fault'ring tone,
'Say, cannot Death my daring crime atone?
'Ah, let Compaſſion now your hearts inſpire,
'Amid your pray'rs I unalarm'd expire.
'Thou who art e'en in this dread moment dear,
'Oh, ſhade of ARABERT, ſtill hover near:
'I come.'——And now, emerging from her woes,
('Twas Love's laſt effort) from the earth ſhe roſe;
And, ſtrange to tell! with ſtrong affection fraught,
She headlong plung'd into the gloomy vault:
And there, what her impaſſion'd wiſh requir'd,
On the lov'd breaſt of ARABERT expir'd.

WRITTEN IN

Mr. HUME's HISTORY.

BIG with the tales of other years,
I view th' hiſtoric tome;
Which to the penſive mind appears
A deep capacious tomb:

Where long embalm'd by CLIO's hand,
The patriot and the ſlave,
Who ſav'd, and who betray'd the land,
Preſs one extenſive grave:

With thoſe that graſp'd th' imperial helm,
And trod the path of Pow'r:
With thoſe who grac'd fair Learning's realm,
And Beauty's fairer bow'r.

If thus th' illuſtrious cloſe their ſcene,
Oblivion then may laugh:
What flows from HUME's recording pen
Is but an Epitaph!

IMITATED

From the FRENCH.

STRAYING beſide yon wood-ſcreen'd river,
Dan Cupid met my wond'ring view;
His feather'd arrows ſtor'd his quiver,
Each feather glow'd a different hue:

'For him who frames the daring deed,
'(The little Godhead ſaid, and laugh'd)
'To fly with Miſs beyond the Tweed,
'An eagle's plume adorns the ſhaft.

'The prattler, vain of his addreſs,
'The magpye's feathers never fail;
'And for the youth too fond of dreſs,
'I rob the gaudy peacock's tail.

'Whene'er I mean to rouſe the care
'That lurks within the jealous heart,
'The owl that wings the midnight air
'Lends his grave plume to load the dart.

'But rarely when I would aſſail
'The conſtant heart with truth impreſt,
'Then for the trembling ſhaft I ſteal
'A feather from the turtle's breaſt:

'Lo! one with that ſoft plumage crown'd,
'Which more than all my arms I prize!'
'—Alas!' I cried, 'this gave the wound,
'When late you ſhot from JULIA's eyes.'

FOR THE VASE AT BATH EASTON *.

UPON

DREAMS.

NOVEMBER, 1777.

I.

As Echo's voice returns the pleaſing lay,
So is a Dream the echo of the day:
The buſy thoughts that round ſome object teem
Oft join in ſleep to form the nightly theme;
Then bright-ey'd Fancy lifts her magic wand,
While ſcenes unreal riſe at her command;
Then Comedy, with all her laughing train,
Straight iſſues from the porch of Comus' fane,

* This poetical inſtitution ceaſed at the death of LADY MILLAR, 1781; which event has been celebrated by MISS SEWARD.

And bringing with her all her pleaſing wiles,
Her pranks, her gambols, and her winning ſmiles,
She bids her merry troop approach the bed,
And beat their airy dance round ANSTEY's head.

II.

Still when ſome choſen Fair commands the heart,
Gay Fancy acts at night her mimic part:
With ſkilful hand ſhe decks the living ſcene,
And uſhers to the view the boſom's Queen.
Ye Lovers, anſwer to the truth I ſing;
Say, does not Fancy to your ſlumber bring,
Dreſs'd by each grace, in Beauty's beſt array,
The welcome Fair who charm'd you thro' the day?
Does not her form return to glad the ſight,
Like Cynthia burſting thro' the cloud of night?
How pleas'd each well-known feature we deſcry,
That look of ſenſe—that eloquence of eye!—

She ſpeaks—her words, beyond vain Muſic's art,
Steal on our ſlumber, and enchant the heart.

III.

Sometimes a dream anticipates the date,
Comes as a prophet to reveal our fate:
And thus, ere YORICK ſunk into the tomb,
The Prieſt of ſentiment foreſaw his doom:
'Twas night—his ſolitary couch he preſs'd,
Till ſorrow-worn he wearied into reſt;
ELIZA then ſoft gliding on his view,
Thus o'er his ſlumber breath'd her ſad adieu:
'Oh thou, my guardian, confident, and friend,
'To what thy handmaid now reveals attend:
'No longer now the gift of Health implore,
'The curtain drops, and thy ſhort ſcene is o'er;
'Yet ere thy feeling ſpirit takes its flight
'To yonder regions of celeſtial light,

'Some fond endearment to ELIZA ſhew,
'And thy laſt bleſſing on thy Child beſtow.'

The Viſion ceas'd—yet then the ſhaul ſhe ſpread *,
To raiſe compaſſionate his drooping head,
And (from her eyes as beads of ſorrow fell)
Low on her knees receiv'd his laſt farewell.

* See the Letters to ELIZA.

FOR THE VASE AT BATH EASTON.

DISSIPATION.

I.

IF Hope, the friend of Man, extend a ray
Along the ſky of ſome far diſtant day;
Gay Diſſipation boaſts a friendlier pow'r,
She breaks the gloom that dims the preſent hour!
E'en painter-like ſhe takes her ready ſtand,
A radiant pencil decks her ſkilful hand,
And with the colours of her magic art
She gilds the cloud that ſettles on the heart.

II.

This Proteus often takes a different frame:
To Heroes ſhe aſſumes the ſhape of Fame;

To ſuckling Bards ſhe rolls the river Cam;
To Dowagers ſhe takes the form of Pam.

III.

Could CELIA long endure a country life;
The prim falſe-breeding of th' attorney's wife;
The parſon's pun; the huſband's duller joke;
The ſolitary walk; the raven's croak;
Did not the Goddeſs act the Prophet's part,
And to her mournful votary impart
The wiſh'd-for bleſſings that are doom'd to crown
The chearful hours that glide within the town,
And paint young Pleaſure's gayly-veſted train
With all the conqueſts of the next campaign?
And e'en in town could ſhe endure the weight
Of the long after-dinner tête-à-tête,
Did not the Goddeſs to her mind recal
Th' approaching ſplendors of the evening ball?

IV.

Behold, encircled with Affliction's gloom,
BELINDA watches at her huſband's tomb;
Beneath th' oppreſſive weight of grief ſhe bends,
Like the pale lily when the rain deſcends:
But Diſſipation, with her ſoothing aid,
Forbids the beauteous drooping flow'r to fade.
The Fair intends, in proof of her diſtreſs,
To wear the mourning of the days of Beſs!
But in obedience to the preſent court,
Kind Diſſipation bids her wear *the ſhort.*
At her command, while tears bedew her cheeks,
BELINDA through the veil of mourning peeps;
Her pulſe beats quicker as ſhe then ſurveys
Th' approaching proſpect of more happy days:
At length the change of mourning brings relief,
And at the change ſhe *loſes half her grief.*

Now on the joys that meet her on the way,
The mourner caſts a fearful coy ſurvey:
Now leſs reſerv'd, a bolder view ſhe ſends,
And bolder ſtill ſhe Pleaſure's bark aſcends,
Where laughing HEBE graſps the glitt'ring helm,
To guide the veſſel to th' Idalian realm.
Now ſoft recorders ſend a ſoothing ſound,
And in the notes affliction's plaints are drown'd;
The ſails grow pregnant with the wanton air,
Not unregarded by the conſcious Fair,
Who glides obedient to the fav'ring wind,
And leaves the gloom of widowhood behind.

An ENGLISH OFFICER in the late war being taken ſoner by the French Indians, became the ſlave of an INDIAN CHIEF, who treated him with humanity. One the Indian took the Officer up a hill, and addreſſed l as follows:

See the Anecdotes of Literature, vol. 5

THE

INDIAN CHIEF.

'TWELVE tedious moons haſt thou my captive been,
'I've taught thee how to build the ſwift canoe,
'To chaſe the boar, prepare the beaver's ſkin,
'To ſpeed the ſhaft, and ſcalp the ſhrieking foe.

'Say, does thy Father ſleep within his grave?'—
'Oh Heav'n forbid!' the feeling Youth replied—
'Then do his ſorrows all my pity crave,'
The Chief return'd—'Twere better he had died.

'I was a Father once—oh valiant ſon!
'Thy loſs each low'ring morn and eve recal.
'To ſhield my years, to Danger's path he run;
'Theſe eyes beheld the gallant warrior fall:

'And Glory ſaw him fall with wounds o'erſpread,
'Bold on his boſom ev'ry wound he bore:
'I rent the forelock from his murd'rer's head,
'And left him breathleſs on the crimſon ſhore.

'Since that ſad day my hours no pleaſure ſhare'—
The Indian Chief now paus'd, with ſorrow fraught,
Wrapt in the awful ſilence of deſpair;
At length in words he cloath'd his mournful thought.

'Behold that ſun! how bright it ſhines to you!
'Since that ſad day to me it looks a cloud:
'How gay yon blooming roſes meet your view!
'To me Grief drops o'er Nature's breaſt a ſhroud.

'Go, virtuous Stranger! to thy Father go,
'Wipe from his furrow'd cheek Misfortune's tear:
'Go, bid the ſun to him his ſplendor ſhew,
'And bid the flow'r in all her bloom appear.'

INSCRIPTION

FOR

A REED-HOUSE

Say, if to ſhun the noiſy day,
The ſummer ſun's oppreſſive ray,
Thou viſit'ſt Contemplation's cell,
Here tarry—ſhe'll repay thee well:
For ſhe can bid each paſſion ceaſe,
And ſooth the troubled heart to peace,
Can to thy ſober wiſhes yield
Contentment's flow'r and Wiſdom's ſhield.

* At *Coſſy*, the Seat of Sir WILLIAM JERNINGHAM.

THE

VENETIAN MARRIAGE.

THE weſtern ſun's expiring ray
To VENICE gave a milder day;
Till by degrees the ling'ring light
Serenely ſoften'd into night.
CAMILLA then, with fearful ſoul,
To th' Adriatic margin ſtole,
Where in a bark, at Love's command,
PLACENTIO took his faithful ſtand:
Poſſeſſing now his future bride,
He bade the bark ſecurely glide,
Which far unlike that gally ſhow'd
That down the ſilver Cydnus row'd,
Beneath whoſe purple ſails were ſeen
Proud Oſtentation's gaudy Queen,

Who ſure of conqueſt, vain of mind,
All languiſhingly lay reclin'd!
Here Beauty undefil'd by art,
Whoſe boſom own'd a tender heart,
Beneath the ſails from home remov'd,
And truſted to the man ſhe lov'd.

A ſoothing calmneſs lull'd the deep,
And huſh'd each wavy ſurge to ſleep:
The air along the ſultry day,
Scorch'd by the ſummer's fervent ray,
Was freſhen'd by a recent ſhow'r,
While ſilence ſolemniz'd the hour.

The ſtill ſolemnity impreſs'd
With awful thoughts CAMILLA'S breaſt:
For now by prompting Love impell'd,
Now by Timidity withheld,
The words ſhe to her lips applied
Recoil'd, and unaccented died.

PLACENTIO too, alike ſubdued,
They ſail'd along in ſilent mood,
And ſtillneſs reign'd from ſhore to ſhore,
Unbroke—but by the daſhing oar.

At length the Fair diſſolv'd the charm—
'Ah, wonder not I feel alarm:
'Confiding in thy love I came,
'And riſk'd for thee my virgin fame:
'Ah tell me to what place we ſail,
'For in my boſom fears prevail:—
'Yet anſwer not this idle fear,
'Where'er thou art, bright Honour's there.'

'The plan I form,' the Youth replied,
'To Innocence is cloſe allied,
'And fearful of thy virgin fame
'As of her babe the tender dame.
'—Theſe waves, that wander to the ſea,
'Waſh in their pilgrimage a tree,

'Which ſpreads its lowly branches wide,
'And dips them in the paſſing tide:
'There, in a ſhed compos'd of reeds,
'An aged hermit tells his beads:
'He, gen'rous Sage! will join our hands
'In wedlock's unremitting bands.
'Then to VALCLUSA we'll repair,
'Where LAURA's ſoul informs the air:
'Where PETRARCH's ſpirit hovers round,
'The guardian of the ſacred ground,
'Forbidding ſtill the fiend of art,
'That ſhrewd perverter of the heart,
'The ſnake, Inconſtancy, to rove
'Within the paradiſe of Love.

'As when the winter's ſtorms are fled
'The fearful ſnow-drop lifts her head,
'So may that whiter flow'r, thy breaſt,
'Wake into life, from fears releas'd,

'Mild as theſe twilight breezes blow,
'Still as the waves on which we flow!'

'Ye walls where firſt I drew the air!'
Return'd (aſſur'd) the beauteous Fair;
'Ye turrets which but dimly ſeen
'Encreaſe the terrour of the ſcene!
'Ye ſtately tow'rs! and riſing ſpires!
'From you CAMILLA now retires.
'Thou tomb whoſe pious urn contains
'My ſacred Parents' cold remains!
'Ye partners of my tender years,
'Whom youthful ſympathy endears!
'Ye joys that crown my native coaſt!—
'Well for PLACENTIO all are loſt.'

She ceas'd—and on her penſive ſoul
Again an awful muſing ſtole,
Such as the twilight ſcene excites,
Such as the feeling heart delights;

For as the coy nocturnal flow'r *
No more its ſweets at eve withholds,
So the meek heart at th' evening hour
Its ſenſibility unfolds.

The mild enlivener of the night
Now yields her kind directing light!
As from the wood's deep boſom ſprung,
Her ſober radiance round ſhe flung,
The trees that ſlept along the ſhore
With light's ſoft veil ſhe mantled o'er;
The bending tow'r of old renown
She rounded with a ſilver crown:
The antique fane now roſe to view,
Envelop'd in the pureſt hue:
Behold the luſtre ſpreading wide
Illuminates the ocean-tide,
While placid beams ſerenely gay
Like ſtar-drops on her boſom play!

* The night-ſmelling Geranium.

This beauteous ſoul-ſubduing ſight,
Diffuſing round a calm delight,
With ſympathetic touch impreſt
The ſeat of Love, PLACENTIO's breaſt:
'Behold,' he cried, with Pleaſure's voice,
'Thou Beauty's flow'r, Affection's choice!
'Behold how Nature decks the night,
'And cloaths her ſcenes with veſtal light!
'Methinks kind Heav'n diſplays its pow'r
'To decorate thy nuptial hour.'

At length they reach the ſacred cell
Where Wiſdom, Peace, and Virtue dwell;
There, bent beneath the weight of age,
They find prepar'd th' expecting Sage.
He hail'd them in a friendly tone,
And bade them call his cell their own:
Where roſe an altar form'd of moſs,
Crown'd with a ſimple wooden croſs!

There too a taper, mildly bright,
Supplied a pompous glare of light.
No holy relick rich-enchas'd
This humble low-roof'd temple grac'd:
But flowrets from the neighb'ring wood
The unambitious altar ſtrew'd:
For incenſe they exhal'd perfume,
For ornament they gave their bloom.

The Hermit ſpoke—'Hail, virtuous pair,
'May ſorrow now your boſom ſpare!
'Tho' youth be yours, yet well I know
'You've taſted deep of human woe:
'Control, and Art, and Baſeneſs join'd
'To cancel what your hearts deſign'd:
'But now Misfortune's reign is o'er,
'And Pleaſure opens all her ſtore.'

See now the youthful Pair unite
To meet the hymeneal rite:

Pronouncing, as they lowly bow,
Warm from the heart, the hallow'd vow:
At length the Hermit joins their hands
In willing and unvenal bands,
Unſpotted bands! which mutual Love,
And Confidence, and Virtue wove.

THE

MEXICAN FRI

ADVERTISEMENT.

The ſublime inſtance of heroic friendſhip that forms the ſubject of this Poem, is recorded by ANTONIO DE SOLIS, in his Hiſtory of Mexico. This is an epiſode of a more extenſive poem, which is ſuppreſſed: This epiſode is retained, as being the part of that poem which was favourably received. Two fragments, which met with the ſame diſtinction, are alſo preſerved.

THE

MEXICAN FRIENDS.

Two valiant Youths (whom Friendſhip's holy hand
Had join'd with her indiſſoluble band)
Beheld indignant, ſmit with patriot grief,
The great achievements of the hoſtile chief:
And now JANELLAN thus accoſts his Friend:—
'Firm to no purpoſe, active to no end,
'See from our gallant men yon hallow'd tow'r
'Already raviſh'd by the invading pow'r:
'Muſt this, committed to our mutual care,
'The ſame defeat, the ſame diſhonour ſhare?
'If ſo—the victor ſhall not long ſurvive—
'A thought that bids my fading hope revive,

'A thought—that like the thunder-flash of night
'Darts on my darken'd mind a radiant light—
'But ere my veil'd design'ment I unfold,
'Declare, however rash, however bold,
'Thou'lt not o'ershade with Caution's chill controul,
'The warm, the splendid purpose of my soul.'

VENZULA to his breast his hand applied,
And thus, beyond the pow'r of words, replied.

The Youth resum'd—'From this aerial height,
'Bid thy bold vision take its deepest flight,
'Down to yon rock, far stretching o'er the shore,
'Gainst which the raging waves incessant roar,
'Whose clashing voices into stillness fade,
'Ere this tremendous distance they pervade:
'If Fortune bless what my proud counsels urge,
'Yon waves shall murmur soon the victor's dirge!
'My secret project I will now unveil:—
'Should CORTEZ o'er this valiant band prevail,

'Should thro' controulment, and thro' ſtubborn force,
'Pour like a torrent his deſtructive courſe,
'When on this ſummit firſt he ſhall appear,
'I will advance, with well-diſſembled fear,
'And, ſuppliant as I kneel to win his grace,
'I'll dauntleſs lock him in a ſtern embrace,
'Bear him reluctant to yon giddy ſteep,
'Where yawns a dreadful opening to the deep,
'And thence—ſelf-ruin'd for my country's good—
'Plunge with her foe into the whelming flood!'

VENZULA anſwer'd—'Yes, I much admire
'What now thy matchleſs virtue dares inſpire:
'But wilt thou, with an avarice of fame,
'The meed of Glory all excluſive claim?
'Wilt thou to perils cloſe to Death adjoin'd
'Advance, and leave thy faithful Friend behind?
'In infancy we ſhar'd the glitt'ring toys,
'And in one circle play'd our harmleſs joys:

'And when we quitted Childhood's lowly vale,
'Where ſpringing flowrets ſcent the playful gale,
'Still hand in hand we climb'd youth's arduous height,
'Whence greater ſcenes expanded on the ſight,
'Still our purſuits conſenting to one plan,
'Like wedded ſtreams our lives united ran:
'And wilt thou now oppoſe the ſacred tide,
'And bid the friendly waves diſparting glide?'

JANELLAN ſpoke—'Endearing Youth! forgive:
'The conqu'ror of ſome future CORTEZ live!
'Nor mark my fall with Grief's dejected brow,
'View from my death the bright effects that flow:
'Behold the tomb that Gratitude ſhall raiſe,
'Illuſtrious ſignal of my Country's praiſe.'

To this the brave VENZULA made reply,
And as he ſpoke, tears ſtarted from his eye:
'What tho' Felicity, thy gift, ſhall ſtream
Sunlike o'er MEXICO with brighteſt beam,

'Not all the ſplendour that her rays impart,
'Will e'er illumine my benighted heart,
'When deſtitute of thee, its only ray,
'Without the hope of kind returning day.

'Yet then to this great argument adjoin'd
'Sublimer motives urge my ſteady mind:
'Recal, recal that joy-diffuſing hour,
'When gay Proſperity adorn'd my bow'r,
'As thy fair ſiſter, half-afraid to ſpeak,
'With downcaſt look, and bluſh-embelliſh'd cheek,
'At Love's requeſt aſſented to be mine:
'Of fleeting bliſs vain momentary ſhine!
'For ſhe, in flow'r of Youth and Virtue's bloom,
'Was ſwept untimely to the rav'nous tomb:
'As ſorrow-wounded o'er her couch I hung,
'To catch the tones that faded as they ſprung,
'*The God*, ſhe ſaid, *now ſummons me away*,
'*Far from the confines of th' endearing day:*

'Thou of the life I loſe the deareſt part,
'Thou choſen ſpouſe! thou ſun-beam of my heart,
'Say, by Affection's glowing hand impreſs'd,
'Shall I not live in thy recording breaſt?
'If ſacred be the ſuff'rer's laſt deſires,
'Revere what now my parting ſoul requires:
'I leave a brother, by bright Honour rear'd,
'By all approv'd, and much to me endear'd:
'Be, for the ſiſter's love, the brother's Friend;
'Nor from his ſide depart when ſtorms deſcend:
'The palm of Glory waving in your fight,
'In council, peril, enterpriſe unite.'

'Shall I, when danger calls, conſign to air
'The laſt bequeathing wiſhes of the Fair?
'Perdition catch the baſe unmanly thought!
'By Love's ſubliming pureſt dictates taught,
'Amid the perils that around thee wait,
'View me reſolv'd to ſhare th' impending fate:

Now to this ſpot the foe impels the war,
' Diſcordance ſcreams, oppoſing lances jar:
' The ſteep aſcent, lo! CORTEZ now has gain'd,
' Ah! mark his ſpear with ſtreaming gore diſtain'd!

The illuſtrious Youths now act their dread deſign:
See at the victor's knee they low incline!
Now claſp with circling force th' incautious foe,
And cloſe adhering to his figure grow:
Their deadly aim his better fate control'd,
With matchleſs pow'r he burſts their ſtubborn hold:
The heroes, blaſted in their bold intent,
Approach'd (Death hov'ring near) the dire deſcent:
Then, in each other's circling arms intwin'd,
In energetic harmony combin'd:
'Twas Friendſhip, burning with meridian flame,
One cauſe—one thought—one ruin—and one fame:

Tremendous moment! See, they fall from light,
And dauntleſs ruſh to never-ending night!

Ye ſelf-devoted patriot victims, hail!
Oblivion's gulph ſhall ne'er entomb your tale:
While Hiſtory to Time's extremeſt goal
Her ſtream majeſtic ſhall thro' ages roll,
Like two fair flowrets on one ſtem that blow,
Ye on her margin ſhall for ever glow.

The MEXICANS having gained an advantage over the SPANIARDS, and having buried the troops (that were ſlain in the action) in a large field, GUATIMOZINO, the emperor of MEXICO, thus addreſſes the place of interment:

GUATIMOZINO's SPEECH,

AT THE PLACE OF INTERMENT.

"HAIL, ſepulchre, which ev'ry coward ſhuns!
" Thou glorious hecatomb of Valour's ſons!
" On thee, oh ſacred altar of renown,
" Th' Eternal Being looks propitious down!
" They, they are dear to that all-ſeeing eye,
" Who greatly daring act, or bravely die.
" Let this ſuggeſtion ſooth the bleeding heart,
" In which Deſpair has lodg'd his poiſon'd dart:
" To you I ſpeak, ye fair afflicted train,
" Who weep for brothers, friends, and lovers ſlain:

" To you I ſpeak, ye widows plung'd in care;
" And you whoſe ſons ſtern fate refus'd to ſpare."

As thus he ſaid—deep from ſome breaſt unknow
Burſt unſubdued Affliction's piercing moan,
Now intermitting, now returning loud—
At length, advancing thro' the wond'ring crowd,
A matron-form th' attentive hero view'd,
Her robe neglected, and her treſſes rude;
With hurried ſtep the royal Youth ſhe ſought,
Her wild eye ſpeaking th' inexpreſſive thought:
Cloſe at her ſide a lovely boy appears——
Now through oppoſing grief her voice ſhe rears:
" Give, give to me the virtue that repels
" The whelming ſurge of Sorrow as it ſwells!
" Two valiant ſons, in age my comfort's ſtore,
" My lov'd, my duteous children, are no more:
" This morn, this direful morn, a prey to fears,
" I bath'd our parting with preſaging tears:

" That they expir'd on Honour's ſacred bed,
" That their ſouls mingle with th' illuſtrious dead,
" Well do I know—and glory in the thought:
" Bright Virtue's flame, perchance, from me they caught,
" From me th' inſtructive leſſon firſt they claim'd,
" This boſom nurtur'd, and this voice inflam'd.
" Yet ill with this vain pomp of ſplendid words
" My drooping, loaded, ſinking heart accords:
" Ah! ſtill to Glory's thought deſpair ſucceeds,
" And th' agonizing Mother inly bleeds.
" This orphan babe to you I now bequeath,
" With Honour's brighteſt flow'rs his mind inwreath."

The child, half-conſcious of the mother's grief,
As if attempting to diſpenſe relief,
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and playful ſmil'd:
In vain the boy her ſcorpion thoughts beguil'd;
Inclining at his call her anguiſh'd face,
Death-ſtruck ſhe periſh'd in the wiſh'd embrace.

GUATIMOZINO having oppoſed the Spaniards with great bravery in various engagements, was at length defeated and taken priſoner. In order to extort from him a diſcovery of the principal mines, he was laid on burning coals: The ſecond in command was alſo condemned to the ſame torture, and amidſt his ſufferings called upon his royal maſter, to be releaſed from the vow of ſecrecy; which drew from GUATIMOZINO theſe memorable words: *Am I on a bed of roſes?*—When the flames had entirely conſumed the unfortunate Hero, the High-Prieſt of Mexico approached the pile, and lamented the fate of his royal Maſter.

THE SPEECH OF THE HIGH-PRIEST, AT THE PILE.

WHEN firſt th' inhuman deed appall'd his ſight,
E'en as the cedar ſhrunk in ſudden blight
He ſtood—while, at the dire appearance thrill'd,
Each function of the ſoul numb Horror chill'd:
At length, relenting into conſcious grief,
The Seer exclaim'd—"Oh lov'd, oh hapleſs Chief!

" The aſhes ſtill that feed yon ling'ring flame,
" Do they of all thou art th' exiſtence claim?
" Long ſchool'd in pale Adverſity's rude porch,
" Where Hope's gay ſcenes are burnt by Havock's torch,
" For me, with grief adjoin'd to age oppreſs'd,
" Remain'd but this to cleave my care-worn breaſt.
" In early youth to me thou waſt conſign'd,
" I watch'd the dawn of thy celeſtial mind,
" I ſaw, by Nature wak'd, thy talents riſe,
" And Virtue mark them with her brighteſt dies.
" Ah! what avail theſe fruitleſs tears I ſhed?
" Tho' thou art gone—yet Vengeance is not dead:
" The pregnant womb of Time"—He added not—
While from his eye a radiant meaning ſhot.
His boſom heav'd with a prophetic throe,
Till language gave his ſtruggling thoughts to flow.

" Methinks Futurity, celeſtial Maid,
" Thro' diſtant Time's dim length'ning iſle diſplay'd,
" Pours on my favour'd viſion days unborn,
" That pant impatient for the ling'ring morn:

" Smooth as the clear expanſe of vernal ſkies,
" A world of water claims my wond'ring eyes;
" See on its wavy breaſt, in ſplendid pride,
" Innum'rous brigantines triumphant ride *:
" Mark how the gorgeous maſs advancing ploughs
" The groaning main with high aſpiring prows:
" Secure in all the haughtiness of ſtrength,
" It moves a creſcent of tremendous length,
" And big with thunders and deſtructive force,
" To BRITAIN's coaſt directs its threat'ning courſe.
" Oft has LAS CASAS, in applauding ſtrain,
" To me reveal'd that ſea-encircled plain.
" Thou Glory of the Weſt! Enchantment's iſle,
" Where beauteous maids on godlike heroes ſmile:
" By Nature's hand with Nature's chaplet crown'd,
" In arts, in commerce, and in arms renown'd;
" Auguſt, magnificent, exalted Dame,
" As with a garment rob'd in Freedom's flame!

* The SPANISH Armada ſailed in 1588, *diſpoſed in the form of a creſcent, and ſtretching the diſtance of ſeven miles from the extremity of one diviſion to that of the other.* HUME.

" Ariſe, ariſe—foreſtall th' intended blow,
" See to thy portal fails th' audacious foe.
" Another ſcenery is now diſplay'd,
" No more the main aſſembled veſſels ſhade,
" A beggar'd remnant (of the ſplendid throng
" That ſwept in conſcious majeſty along)
" With prows disfigur'd, and diſhonour'd maſts,
" While thro' the rent ſails mourn the hollow blaſts,
" In ſhatter'd, mean, diſmantled, rude array,
" Steal o'er the waves their ignominious way.
" Oh! of thy brilliant and extenſive train
" Do theſe, ARMADA, theſe alone remain?
" Who has o'erthrown the honours of thy helm?
" The voice of Fame replies—ELIZA's realm!—
" Where lurk thy galleons that ſurpris'd the deep?
" Loud Fame replies—In Ocean's tomb they ſleep!
" And of HISPANIA once the bright renown,
" Now glows an added gem to BRITAIN's crown."

The curioſity of an ignorant MEXICAN, concerning the origin of the Air, is ſo poetically expreſſed in the following lines, that the Editor thinks himſelf juſtified in re-printing them, though they were omitted by the Author in the laſt edition of his Poems.

" WHENCE is that veering ſpirit of the ſky,
" Whoſe ſecret form eludes the human eye;
" Who now, unmindful of its matchleſs pow'r
" Indulgent whiſpers to the vernal flow'r,
" Plays with her leaves, and hov'ring o'er her bloom
" From her young breaſt allures the enclos'd perfume:
" And now, envelop'd in a ſullen mood,
" Tempeſtuous ruſhes on the groaning wood;
" Arm'd with deſtructive energy, invades,
" Deſpoils, devaſts the conſecrated ſhades?"

THE ANCIENT

ENGLISH WAKE;

A POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Wake is of very great antiquity in this country. It was held on the day of the Dedication, that is, on the day of the ſaint to whom the village church was dedicated. Booths were erected in the church-yard and on the adjacent plain, and after divine ſervice the reſt of the time was devoted to the occupations of the fair, to merriment and feſtivity.

See BOURNE's Antiquities of the Common People, with Obſervations by Mr. BRAND.

The merchants, who frequented the fairs in numerous caravans or companies, employed every art to draw the people together. They were therefore accompanied by jugglers, minſtrels, and buffoons.

WARTON's Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, vol. ii. p. 367.

THE ANCIENT

ENGLISH WAKE.

HARK! how the merry, merry bells reſound,
To ſummon to the Wake the hamlets round:
The villagers, in all their beſt array,
Go forth to celebrate the feſtive day.

Now from the moat-encircled caſtle came
An aged Chief, who grac'd the roll of Fame:
Who knows not * CHESTER's Earl, to worth ally'd,
The boaſt of chivalry, and valour's pride?

* A celebrated character in the reign of HENRY the Third.

From courts and buſy camps at length retir'd,
To deeds of Fame no longer he aſpir'd:
Pleas'd, far ſequeſter'd from the voice of praiſe,
To give to peace his laſt remaining days,
And while life's hour-glaſs near its period ſtands,
To watch and pray beſide the cloſing ſands.
But, 'mid the ſtillneſs of retirement's ſhade,
Domeſtic ſorrow on his boſom prey'd:
A Daughter, fram'd his favor to engage,
Pride of his houſe, and ſoother of his age,
Her native manſion had abruptly fled ——
The veil of darkneſs o'er the reſt was ſpread.
Oft of his child ſome welcome news to gain
The tortur'd Father ſought, but ſought in vain.
He ſtrives (this day) his ſorrows to beguile,
And hide his anguiſh with a fickly ſmile.

The hoary Paſtor, near the village-fane,
Receiv'd the honour'd Chief and all his train:

This holy, meek, diſintereſted man
Had form'd his uſeful life on duty's plan:
Unpractis'd in thoſe arts that teach to riſe,
The vacant mitre ne'er allur'd his eyes.
Regardleſs ſtill of diſſipation's call,
He ſeldom tarried at the feſtive hall,
Where all around the ſtoried texture hung,
Where pſaltries ſounded, and where minſtrels ſung;
But to the humble cot's neglected door
The ſacred man the balm of comfort bore:
Still would he liſten to the injur'd ſwain,
For he who liſtens mitigates the pain:
There was he ſeen reclining o'er the bed,
Where the pale maiden bow'd her anguiſh'd head;
Where, reft of hope, the yielding victim lay,
And like a wreath of ſnow diſſolv'd away:
With feeling ſoul the Paſtor oft enquir'd
Where the meek train of ſilent grief retir'd,
Shame, that declines her ſorrows to impart,
The drooping ſpirit, and the broken heart.

He ne'er the friar's gaping wallet fed,
But to the widow ſent his loaf of bread:
His fee to ROME reluctantly he paid,
And call'd the Pardoner's a pilf'ring trade.
The ſacred Pſalter well he knew to gloſs,
And on its page illuminate the croſs:
The written Miſſal on the altar ſeen,
Inclos'd in velvet of the richeſt green,
Diſplay'd initials by his fancy plann'd,
Whoſe brilliant colours own'd his ſkilful hand.
This gaily-letter'd book his art deviſ'd,
The temple's only ornament compriz'd:
The hallow'd ſervice of this modeſt fane
(Far from the ſplendor of a choral train)
Could boaſt no labour'd chant, no ſolemn rites,
No clouds of incenſe, and no pomp of lights;
But at the plain and lowly altar ſtands
The village-prieſt with pure uplifted hands,
Invoking from above Heav'n's guardian care,
In all the meek ſimplicity of pray'r.

Fam'd CHESTER, now returning from the fane,
Surveys the tents gay-ſpreading o'er the plain:
Beneath whoſe roof the merchant-band diſplay'd
The cheerful ſcenery of active trade:
While ſome, intent on wealth, with ſober view,
The graver purport of the fair purſue;
Some, of a free and roving mind, partake
The various callings of the buſy Wake;
Theſe urge the preſcient ſeer, deep-vers'd in fate,
Some paſſage of their ſtory to relate:
There the fond maid, ſolicitous to know
Some future inſtance of her joy or woe,
Attends, half unbelieving, half ſincere,
To the vague dictates of the artful Seer.
Lo, where the trader all his art employs
To rear the pageantry of *holy* toys,
And on the ſimple ruſtics ſhed the glare
Of gaudy Superſtition's lighter ware:
Here beads hung round in many a ſplendid row,
In cryſtal glitter, or in coral glow;

Here gayly-painted ſaints attract the ſight,
There ivory croſſes of the pureſt white:
Here brilliant pebbles from the hallow'd well,
In which are lodg'd the wonder-working ſpell.
Some by the travell'd pilgrim take their ſtand,
To hear the wonders of a foreign ſtrand;
While others, ſmitten with the love of ſong,
Around the minſtrel's harp attentive throng.
Of war and daring chiefs the maſter ſung,
While from the chords terrific ſounds he flung:
At length, deſcending from his lofty mood,
The feeling bard a milder theme purſued,
And gently wak'd thoſe ſoft, complaining tones,
So dear to melody, which Scotland owns *.

* Though the Scottiſh muſic, as we now have it, is attributed to JAMES the Firſt of Scotland, yet, as moſt of the harpers were ſuppoſed to have come from the North, it is very probable that there was ſomething alluring and characteriſtic in the northern muſic previous to that period, and which partook of the ſtyle that reigns in the compoſitions of JAMES the Firſt, and which TASSONI calls *Muſica lamentevole e meſta differente da tutte l'altre.*

Now, when the thronging audience all withdrew,
A beauteous Maiden ſtill remain'd in view:
She ſeem'd as one of the dejected kind,
Whoſe face betrays the ſecret of the mind;
She look'd as opening day ſcarce ting'd with light,
Or ſummer's eve when fading into night:
She ſpoke—'Sweet are the ſongs from Scotland's coaſt,
'They, they admire them beſt who feel them moſt:
'Abrupt pathetic airs, devoid of art,
'That breathe upon the ſoul and melt the heart:
'Still, when the bard ſome mournful tale records,
'With plaintive harmony they clothe his words;
'Ah! then they witneſs to the ear of grief,
'That food to ſorrow is the beſt relief.
'Bend, gen'rous minſtrel, to a mourner's pray'r,
'Sooth with thy art the ills I'm doom'd to bear;
'Still let ſome Highland airs thy ſkill employ,
'And ſteep my ſoul in melancholy joy.'
Attentive to the tuneful Maid's requeſt,
With magic touch the weeping harp he preſs'd,

And waken'd into life that pow'rful ſtrain,
Whoſe ſound perſuaſive charms almoſt to pain,
That thrilling harmony to nature true,
Whoſe arrows only wound the ſacred few.

See now the throng in cluſt'ring numbers go
To where the troop diſplay'd the gaudy ſhow *:
They firſt preſented to th' expecting view,
Amid encircling clouds of richeſt hue,
Religion, on a throne exalted high,
While flow'rs fell ſprinkling from the mimic ſky:
Now ſtately ent'ring on the ſplendid ſcene,
Array'd in white, three female forms were ſeen:
Theſe female figures to th' admiring crowd
The names of Faith, of Hope, of Love avow'd:
Three rivals; they appear before the throne
To plead—and make their various merit known.

* Dr. Warton obſerves, in his Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, that the ſubject of this ſort of ſpectacle was (till the reign of *Henry the Seventh*) confined to moral allegory, or to religion [redacted] *with buffoonery*.

Faith, while a ſable band o'erſpread her eyes,
In accents to this purport claim'd the prize:
'Foe to the prying ſearch of ſhallow wit,
'Thy ſacred lore, unqueſtion'd, I admit:
'Before the dazzling ſplendor of the Law
'I cloſe my view, and bend with trembling awe.'

Hope, with an air to confidence ally'd,
Advanc'd—her ſymbol leaning at her ſide:
'The ſea of life do wrecking winds deform?
'Borne on a plank, I ſmile amidſt the ſtorm:
'Still thro' the dark'ning ſhow'rs that intervene,
'With piercing view I mark the promis'd ſcene,
'Where, liſt'ning to the ocean's diſtant roar,
'Delight ſits harbour'd near the fragrant ſhore.'

Next Charity, with looks that dwelt on high,
Her ſoul, ecſtatic, beaming from her eye,
Began —— 'No fond expectancies I frame,
'I boaſt no merit, no reward I claim;

'While Heav'n's creative pow'r around me flows,
'The flame of love within my boſom glows;
'Rais'd from the nature of a ſenſeleſs clod,
'I burn with gratitude, and thank my God!
'I feel, I feel affection's piercing dart—'
She paus'd, and laid her hand upon her heart.

A dove-like form now ſailing from the ſkies,
Bore in her beak the flow'r-inwoven prize;
Religion reach'd it from the hov'ring dove,
And twin'd the wreath around the brow of Love.

Now other actors mute attention claim,
Whoſe antic geſtures mark'd a lighter aim;
A troop of buſy mutt'ring friars preſs'd
Around a law-man by the fiend poſſeſt:
The meagre Exorciſt now plies his part,
Acts all the wonders of his ſecret art:
Nor word of magic, pray'r, nor rite avails,
The whole artillery of the Father fails;

At length he ſportive cries: 'Still uncontroul'd,
'No pow'r can wreſt fly Satan from his hold;
'Here end we then this ineffectual ſtrife,
'A lawyer's boſom is a place for life.'—
The baffled Exorciſt now quits his ground,
While peals of ſimple laughter burſt around.

See to the tents the villagers repair,
The ſolace of the temp'rate feaſt to ſhare;
A gay pavilion, that adorn'd the plain,
Receiv'd time-honour'd CHESTER and his train:
'Twas then a Maid, whoſe cheek wore beauty's hue,
(Clad as a pilgrim) ruſh'd upon their view;
And ſaid, while at the Warrior's feet ſhe fell,
'This lowly attitude becomes me well;
'Nor will I ever raiſe my bluſhing face,
'Till my lov'd Father ſhall pronounce my grace.'

'Loſt AGATHA!' th' aſtoniſhed CHESTER cries;
'Loſt AGATHA!' each glad'ning gueſt replies.

'Tell, tell me, fugitive,' the Father ſaid,
'Before my bleſſing on thy ſoul I ſhed,
'Doſt thou return with all thy bloom of name,
'And all the wonted fragrance of thy fame?
'If, ſoil'd by vice in ſome unhappy hour,
'Thy character has loſt its boaſted flow'r,
'Away, away—far from my ſight retire,
'Nor dare, raſh girl! to meet thy wrathful Sire.'

With injur'd look, and bluſh-embelliſh'd cheek,
The beauteous AGATHA began to ſpeak:
'Proud of my anceſtry, our honor'd name
'Shall ne'er thro' me receive the blaſt of ſhame;
'Pure as the lily drooping with the dew
'(Heav'n is my judge) I now approach thy view.'

'Then with a Father's wonted glow I burn,
'My fond affections all to thee return;
'Thy look, thy words, thy tears, each doubt efface,'
He ſaid—and lock'd her in his cloſe embrace.

At length he urg'd his daughter to recite
The dark myſterious purport of her flight.

In act to ſpeak advanc'd the beauteous Fair,
And drew attention ſtill as midnight air:
She ſigh'd — the roſes on her cheek grew pale,
While expectation panted for the tale.
'Recall,' ſhe ſaid, 'that brilliant hour recall,
'When firſt RODOLPHUS grac'd the feſtive hall;
'Adorn'd with Valor's wreath, in early fame,
'In flow'r of youth, in beauty's pride he came;
'The bluſh of diffidence was on his brow,
'When, in ſoft voice, he ſpoke the ardent vow:
'Oh kind, oh generous Sire! thy friendly voice
'Approv'd the Youth, and ſanctified my choice:
'To his affection as I nearer drew,
'Encreaſing merit open'd on my view:
'When he diſcours'd (till then to me unknown)
'I breath'd the ſigh that ſorrow does not own:

' Regardleſs of the throng when he was by,
' Still linger'd on his form my love-ſick eye,
' Still did each moment ſome new charm diſcloſe,
' As brings each gale new fragrance from the roſe.

' Oh tender Sire! thou nam'dſt the nuptial hour,
' And grac'd thy daughter with a regal dow'r:
' Ah me! what boots it that I now diſplay
' The fatal cloud that brooded o'er that day?
' That day — when hope had chas'd each ling'ring fear,
' When all my fond expectancies drew near,
' When love and fortune ſmil'd — joy turn'd aſide,
' And left me, plung'd in woe, misfortune's bride:
' To the ſwift progreſs of diſeaſe a prey,
' On death's terrific couch RODOLPHUS lay;
' As ſorrow-wounded o'er his form I bent,
' His cloſing voice theſe accents feebly ſent: —
" The Pow'r above, whoſe will we muſt obey,
" Who tears me now from thee and joy away,

" Late ſaw me at the conſcious altar bow,
" And heard theſe lips pronounce the hallow'd vow,
" *Beneath the banner of the Croſs to ſtand,*
" *And ſcourge th' uſurpers of the Holy Land.*
" This unaccompliſh'd vow to thee I leave,
" With ſtedfaſt ear my parting words receive:
" In the ſmall compaſs of an urn enſhrin'd,
" To ſome bold warrior be my heart conſign'd,
" To live with him when his intrepid hand
" Shall ſcourge th' uſurpers of the Holy Land."
' He ceas'd—his fading eyes now roll'd in vain,
' Now clos'd—and never gaz'd on me again *.

' No bold advent'rous war-bred youth I ſought,
' For love inſpir'd me with a bolder thought:

* It was not unuſual, during the long period of the Cruſades, for the knights to make this requeſt upon their death-beds. Among other inſtances, ſee particularly one mentioned by FROISSART, in his firſt volume, chapter 21; where the king of Scotland entreats DOUGLAS to embalm his heart immediately after his deceaſe, in order to carry it with him to the holy war.

'I dropt the robe that deck'd the peaceful maid,
'And, in the warrior's garb of ſteel array'd,
'Amidſt the embattled ranks unknown I ſtood,
'Beneath the banner of the holy rood.
'As in their urn RODOLPHUS' aſhes ſlept,
'I bore them to the plain where RACHEL wept.
'Peace to the ſouls of Archers that were hurl'd
'In that dread moment to another world!
'Fierce from the hands of hoſtile Pagans flung,
'Dark o'er the field a cloud of jav'lins hung.
'Still to this mind returns (diſmiſs'd in vain)
'The thund'ring tumult of the horrid plain.

'At length our daring men, to valor true,
'The fiery-treſſed Saracens o'erthrew:
'Still doſt thou aſk what charm, what ſacred pow'r,
'Upheld my frame in danger's rudeſt hour?
'Behold, behold the wonder-working charm*,
'That calm'd my fear in danger's rude alarm:

* Taking the urn from her garment.

This little tomb, that claſps his better part,
Where ſleep the aſhes of his ſpotleſs heart,
This relic, as it touch'd my conſcious breaſt,
' My fainting ſoul with energy impreſt.
' Enough—ſoon as the flag of truce unfurl'd
' Its ſofter color to the Pagan world,
' To England then I urg'd my loneſome way,
' Cloath'd in this pilgrim garb of amice grey:
' Still as the tenor of my way I kept,
' O'er thee, oh Father! fond remembrance wept:
' Oft did I ſay, while tears roll'd down my face,
' (And as I ſpoke I mov'd with quicker pace)
' By Time's devaſting hand deſpoil'd of friends,
' Unſpous'd, undaughter'd, my lov'd parent bends;
' Like deſolation, all unfenc'd he ſhews,
' Expos'd and naked to aſſailing woes.
' I go, I go his ſorrows to aſſuage,
' To ſmooth with filial hand the couch of age:
' Ply duty's taſk, whoſe labors never tire,
' Invent young ſports to chear his evening fire;

'The joy I cannot feel to him impart,
'And brighten with his ſmiles my drooping heart.'

'Forbear, forbear!' th' enraptur'd Father cries,
(While tears of gladneſs glitter in his eyes)
'Oh inſupportable! oh joyful hour!
'That burſts upon me in a flood of pow'r.'
He ceas'd—and to the moat-encircled dome
In triumph led the beauteous wand'rer home;
Where at the caſtle-gate expecting ſtaid
A num'rous train to greet the welcome Maid.

Mean-while the jocund villagers convene,
Where the wreath'd may-pole crowns the feſtive green;
The comely maids the gifted ribband wear,
Gay-ſtreaming from the flow'r-encircled hair.
See with the am'rous youths they now advance,
Demand the muſic, and provoke the dance;
Link'd hand in hand they form the mirthful round,
Obedient to the ſhrill pipe's nimble ſound.

is on the flowing ſtream of time, the day
th proſp'rous fails glides rapidly away,
l, as the faint beams glimmer from the weſt,
e curfew tolls the hamlet train to reſt. *

* A beautiful Picture, taken from the Ancient Wake, by HAMILTON, is to be ſeen in MACKLIN'S Gallery.

INSCRIPTION

INTENDED FOR

AN OLD THATCHED CHURCH.

FAR from the ſplendor of a coſtly fane,
My low roof canopies the humble train:
Deep in my vaults, divorc'd from human woes,
The life-worn weary villagers repoſe:
When at my altar kneels the hamlet Fair,
And to her God unveils her boſom'd care:
Or does the herdſman bend with grief diſtreſt,
Kind comfort ſteals upon their lighten'd breaſt:
Here too Religion weaves, with viewleſs hand,
For ſpotleſs village hearts, the nuptial band,
And twines with many a charm the holy braid
That joins the lab'rer and the nut-brown maid.

ON THE

DEATH of Two Favourite Birds.

Involv'd in flame and ſuffocating breath,
A hapleſs bird was doom'd to ſudden death;
The female, touch'd at his uncommon fate,
Survey'd the form of her disfigur'd mate;
With drooping head and ſhiv'ring wings ſhe ſtood,
In all the agony of widowhood!
At length, to grief's ſevereſt pow'r a prey,
She dropt—and ſigh'd her little ſoul away.

Ye wedded birds, tho' rigid be your doom,
Yet Anna * watches at your early tomb;

* The Honourable Mrs. Talbot.

For you her flowing pity burſts reſtraint,
Your dirge is utter'd in her ſoft complaint,
Your elegy, without the poet's art,
Is writ by ſorrow on the pureſt heart.

SENSIBILITY.

CELESTIAL ſpring! to Nature's favourites giv'n,
Fed by the dews that bathe the flow'rs of heav'n:
From the pure cryſtal of thy fountain flow
The tears that trickle o'er another's woe;
The ſilent drop that calms our own diſtreſs;
The guſh of rapture at a friend's ſucceſs;
Thine the ſoft ſhow'rs down Beauty's breaſt that ſteal,
To ſooth the heart-wounds they can never heal:
Thine too the tears of ecſtacy that roll,
When Genius ruſhes on the raviſh'd ſoul;
And thine the hallow'd flood that drowns the eye,
When warm Religion lifts the thought on high.

THE

SOLDIER's FAREWELL,

ON

THE EVE OF A BATTLE.

NIGHT, expecting the dread morrow,
Hover'd o'er the martial train;
Beauteous ALICE, led by ſorrow,
Hurried to the ſilent plain:

'Give the watch-word!' the guard utter'd
Loudly from his deſtin'd place;
'Lo! 'tis I,' fair ALICE mutter'd
Haſtening to his fond embrace.

'Ever beauteous, faithful ever,'
Quick the gallant Youth rejoin'd
'Cruel Death can only ſever
'Hearts in love's ſtrong links entwin'd.

'Soon ſhall we be torn aſunder,
'Therefore welcome art thou come:
'Till morn wakes the battle's thunder
'Reſt thee on that broken drum.'

She ſat down, in mind reviewing
Ills the morning might behold,
Tears ſtill other tears purſuing,
Down her cheek in ſilence roll'd:

Thoughts to other thoughts ſucceeding
O'er her mind inceſſant flow;
She, like Meekneſs, inly-bleeding,
Broods in ſtillneſs o'er her woe:

'Wherefore, ALICE, doſt thou ponder
'Evils that are Fancy's brood?
'Sure our parting might be fonder
'Than beſeems this ſilent mood:

'Yet continue ſtill to ponder
'Things thy voice wants pow'r to ſay,
'Thy dumb grief to me ſeems fonder
'Than words deck'd in bright array.'

She replied (her tears ſtill guſhing)
'What avails it to be brave?
'Thou, amidſt the battle ruſhing,
'Here perchance may'ſt meet a grave:

'Should'ſt thou periſh in the action,
'Where's the peace to ſooth my care?
'All my life would be diſtraction,
'Madneſs, wailing, and deſpair.

'Still thou wert of gentleſt carriage,
'Still affectionately true,
'And a lover ſtill in marriage,
'And a friend and parent too.'

'Cheer thee, cheer thee, beſt of women,
'Truſt to the great Pow'r above;
'When I ruſh amidſt the foemen,
'Heav'n may think on her I love.

'Saving is the Miſer's pleaſure,
'Spending is the Soldier's thrift;
'Take this guinea, all my treaſure,
'Take it—as a parting gift.

'Here end we this mournful meeting,
'Catch from my lips this fond ſigh;
'If this be our laſt, laſt greeting,
'Know, that I was born to die.

'See! the day-ſpring gilds the ſtreamers
Waving o'er the martial train;
'Now the hoarſe drum wakes the dreamers,
'Ne'er perchance to dream again:

'Hark! I hear the trumpet's clangor
'Bid the Britiſh youth excel;
'Now, now glows the battle's anger:
'Lovely ALICE, fare thee well!'

ALBINA.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The ſubject of theſe Stanzas is not founded upon a fiction. The young woman was cruelly deluded by a man who was already married: The mock ceremonial of a marriage took place in ITALY: She ſoon after returned to ENGLAND, and going into a ſequeſtered part of the country, devoted herſelf to retirement.

ALBINA.

WOULD Genius to my fond demand
My earneſt bold requeſt beſtow,
A vivid pencil to this hand,
Dipt in the brilliant vernal bow:

How eager would I then engage
(With faithful and unerring aim)
To paint on the poetic page
ALBINA's elegance of frame!

Her treſſes—dark with auburn hue:
Her brow ſerene—young Candour's throne
Her timid eye—whoſe languid blue
Sheds charms peculiarly its own.

Her cheek—that wears a lively glow:
Not after the freſh morning ſhow'r
Can ITALY's rich ſummer ſhow,
On all her banks ſo bright a flow'r.

Her cherry lip—inviting bliſs,
Where Love deliciouſly repoſes,
Accompanied by many a kiſs,
On fragrant leaves of breathing roſes.

Yet who can paint her beauteous mind?
There Innocence has fix'd her ſeat;
There eaſy wit, and taſte refin'd,
And ſentiment and knowledge meet.

Love, who oft whelms the Fair in woe,
Soon robb'd her guileleſs mind of reſt:
Affection's flame diſſolv'd the ſnow
That lodg'd within her ſpotleſs breaſt.

As ſtill the Eaſt the morn-beams ſtreak,
And gild the portal of the day,
So did her morning thought ſtill break
On the ſame Youth with Ardour's ray:

As the laſt glimm'rings of the ſky
Pauſe on the lake, ere they expire,
Each night her thought (as clos'd her eye)
Died on the Youth of her deſire.

The nuptials eager to profane,
The bold, unfeeling, treach'rous Youth
Led the chaſte Maiden to the fane
With all the mockery of Truth.

Hypocriſy with downcaſt air,
Profaneneſs with an atheiſt eye,
And Luſt with a malignant leer,
Remark'd the mock-connubial tie.

No ſooner had the Youth prevail'd,
Succeſsful in his impious aim,
He left the drooping Fair, aſſail'd
By Grief, by Infamy, and Shame.

'Twas then the beauteous Mourner woo'd
Meek Quiet, in her lonely ſeat,
Where Competency watchful ſtrew'd
Her ſober treaſures at her feet.

I'll not the little path-way tell
That winds to thy ſequeſter'd ſcene;
Where Virtue loves with thee to dwell,
Remote—unſeeing and unſeen.

Where Reſignation takes her ſtand,
Prompt to perform her friendly part,
And gathers with a trembling hand
The fragments of a broken heart.

TO THE LATE

EARL of CHESTERFIELD.

RECLIN'D beneath thy ſhade, Blackheath!
From politics and ſtrife apart;
His temples twin'd with laurel-wreath,
And Virtue ſmiling at his heart:

Will CHESTERFIELD the Muſe allow
To break upon his ſtill retreat;
To view if health ſtill ſmooths his brow,
And prints his grove with willing feet?

'Twas this awak'd the preſent theme,
And bade it reach thy diſtant ear;
Where, if no rays of Genius beam,
Sincerity at leaſt is there.

May pale Diſeaſe fly far aloof,
O'er venal domes its flag diſplay;
And Health beneath thy peaceful roof
Add luſtre to thy evening ray!

If this my fervent wiſh be crown'd,
I'll dreſs with flow'rs the godhead's ſhrine:—
Nor thou, with Wiſdom's chaplet bound,
At any abſent gift repine.

What tho' thou doſt not grace a throne,
While ſubjects bend the ſupple knee;
No other king the Muſes own,
And Science lifts her eye to thee.

Tho' Deafneſs, by a doom ſevere,
Steals from thy ear the murm'ring rill,
Or Philomel's delightful air;
E'en deem not this a partial ill.

Ah! if anew thine ear was ſtrung,
Awake to ev'ry voice around;
Thy praiſes, by the many ſung,
Would ſtun thee with the choral ſound.

ON THE DEATH OF

Mr. GARRICK,

1779.

O HALLOW'D Cenſer! form'd by magic pow'r
To waft the incenſe of bright Avon's flow'r!

Thoſe airy forms, by glowing Truth deſign'd,
Which proudly iſſued from the Poet's mind,
No longer realis'd by Garrick's art,
Ruſh on the ſcene, and rouſe the throbbing heart:
* Ambition—prompt to ſeize th' imperial reins,
Who hoſpitality's pure rite profanes,
And ſees (as wildly his ſtrain'd eye-balls glare)
The fatal dagger trav'ling thro' the air:

* Macbeth.

* Affection—who, half-daring, half-diſmay'd,
Purſues with anxious ſteps a Father's ſhade:
As th' awful form ſtalks ſolemnly along,
Dread Expectation chills the circling throng:

† Proud Cruelty—beſide a languid lamp,
Who 'mid the ſtillneſs of the ſlumb'ring camp,
Amid the terrors of the loneſome night,
Sits deeply muſing on the morrow's fight:
'Till worn with thought, with many a care oppreſt,
He drops the world, and wearies into reſt:
In vain—Remorſe now bids her ſerpents roll
In horrid volumes round his tortur'd ſoul:

‡ Old-age—who baniſh'd from his native throne,
Forc'd from the door ſo lately call'd his own,
Stands muttering to the foul and midnight air
(In beggar'd robes) the accents of Deſpair:

* HAMLET. † RICHARD the Third. ‡ LEAR.

Unreverenc'd, ſhunn'd, rejected, and revil'd,
Stung at the mockery of an impious child,
And while the big tears trickle from his eyes,
I gave you all, the generous Father cries;
Let the fierce ſpirit of the tempeſt ſhed
The raging torrent on this hoary head;
The worſt is paſt, let the loud thunder burſt,
The drooping Sire is by a Daughter curſt.

Theſe were the ſcenes late held to BRITAIN's view,
On which ſhe gaz'd with tranſport ever new:
Endearing ſcenes! Ah! never to return,
While Genius ſorrows o'er a GARRICK's urn.

ON THE

AUTHOR OF THE BALLAD

CALLED

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

LET others praiſe the martial ſong,
Which ruſhes as a flood,
And round the harp attentive throng
That honours deeds of blood:

Let me that humble Bard revere,
Tho' artleſs be his theme,
Who ſnatch'd the tale to Pity dear,
From dark Oblivion's ſtream.

Say, little MARY *, prattling maid,
(Whoſe wit thine age excels)
Beneath what holy yew-tree's ſhade
Thy favourite Author dwells?

Ah! not on WESTMINSTER's proud ground
The fond enquiry waſte:
Go where the meek of heart are found,
And th' unambitious reſt.

Where WALTON's limpid ſtreamlet flows,
On NORFOLK's rich domain,
A gently-riſing hillock ſhews
The hamlet's ſtraw-roof'd fane.

* The daughter of Sir THOMAS BEAUCHAMP, of LANGLEY PARK, in NORFOLK.

Hard by is ſeen a marble ſtone,
By many a winter worn;
Forgetfulneſs around has thrown
The rude o'ermantling thorn:

Within this low obſcure abode
Fame ſays the Bard is laid;
Oft have I left the beaten road
To greet the Poet's ſhade.

Fame too reports, that when the bier
Receiv'd the Poet's frame,
The neighb'ring Hamlets haſten'd here,
And all the Childhood came:

Attir'd in white, an Infant Band
Advanc'd in long array;
With roſemary-leaves each little hand
O'erſpread the mournful way:

Encircling now the Poet's tomb,
Thrice on his name they call,
And thrice into the hallow'd gloom
Sweet ſhow'rs of violets fall.

Compaſſion's Prieſt! oh! feeling Bard,
Who melts the heart away,
Enduring praiſe ſhall ſtill reward
Thy ſhort and ſimple lay.

Thoſe ſhall thy praiſe be found among
Whom Nature's touch has grac'd,
The warm of heart applaud thy ſong,
And all the pure of taſte:

The Child ſhall leave his jocund dance,
Suppreſs his frolic mood,
And bend to hear, in ſilent trance,
The Story of the Wood.

TO

LADY CATHARINE MURRAY,

DURING HER RECOVERY FROM AN ILLNESS, OCCASIONED BY HER CLOATHS CATCHING FIRE,

1781.

With a green and yellow
Melancholy ſhe ſat, like Patience on
A monument, ſmiling at grief. SHAKESPEAR.

HAD our great tragic Bard (whoſe maſter-hand
The patient VIOLA's ſweet portrait plann'd)
Beheld fair CATHARINE to pain conſign'd,
Yet tow'ring o'er her fate with ſtrength of mind,
In other colours he had then diſplay'd
The pleaſing image of his patient Maid!
Not with dim tints of yellow and of green,
Would he have ſicklied o'er the ſufferer's mien:

But in a ſhading cap that veils the face,
Half-ſtealing from the ſight each ſoften'd grace,
He would have pictur'd to the ſtedfaſt view
A cheek a little pal'd with languor's hue;
An eye that, beaming with the rays of ſenſe,
Speaks to the ſoul an artleſs eloquence,
And ſeems a look of gratitude to throw
On thoſe whoſe feelings ſhare the ſufferer's woe:
And laſt her lips (whoſe bluſhes well diſplay
The glowing colour of the ruby's ray)
Where Patience dwells, refuſing to complain,
With Reſignation * that can ſmile at pain!

* This accompliſhed young lady was married, in 1782, to Honourable EDWARD BOUVERIE, and died in 1783.

TO

A LADY,

WHO LAMENTED SHE COULD NOT SING.

'OH! give to LYDIA, ye bleſt Pow'rs,' I cried,
'A voice!' the only gift ye have denied.—
'A voice!' ſays VENUS, with a laughing air,
'A voice! ſtrange object of a Lover's pray'r!
'Say—ſhall your choſen Fair reſemble moſt
'Yon Philomel, whoſe voice is all her boaſt?
'Or, curtain'd round with leaves, yon mournful Dove,
'That hoarſely murmurs to the conſcious grove?'
—'Still more unlike,' I ſaid, 'be LYDIA's note
'The pleaſing tone of Philomela's throat,
'So to the hoarſeneſs of the murm'ring Dove
'She joins ('tis all I aſk) the Turtle's love.'

A SONNET to the BOOK*.

AH go! beyond thy kindred copies bleſt,
Go meet thy happineſs—be JERSEY's gueſt:
She, ſkill'd to judge, thy humble themes receives,
Her graceful hand ſhall touch thy trembling leaves:
Her eyes, the boaſt and envy of the age,
Shall ſhed their pleaſing luſtre o'er thy page:
And while ſhe reads, thy conſcious form ſhall feel
The breath of ſpring from lips celeſtial ſteal.

* Theſe lines were ſent to LADY JERSEY, with a former edition of theſe Poems.

FEBRUARY 4th, 1785.

YE radiant Fair! ye HEBES of the day,
Who heedleſs laugh your little hour away!
Let Caution be your guide, when next ye ſport
Within the precincts of the ſplendid court:
Th' event of yeſterday * for prudence calls,
'Tis dangerous treading when MINERVA falls.

* Alluding to MRS. MONTAGU's fall, the preceding day, as ſhe was going down the ſtairs at ST. JAMES's.

HONORIA:

OR,

THE DAY OF ALL SOULS.

A POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Scene of the following little Poem is ſuppoſed to be in the great church of St. AMBROSE at MILAN, the ſecond of November, on which day the moſt ſolemn office is performed for the repoſe of the Dead.

HONORIA.

'YE hallow'd bells, whoſe voices thro' the air
'The awful ſummons of affliction bear:
'Ye ſlowly-waving banners of the dead,
'That o'er yon altar your dark horrors ſpread:
'Ye curtain'd lamps, whoſe mitigated ray
'Caſts round the fane a pale, reluctant day:
'Ye walls, ye ſhrines, by Melancholy dreſt,
'Well do ye ſuit the faſhion of my breaſt!
'Have I not loſt what language can't unfold,
'The form of Valour, caſt in Beauty's mould?
'Th' intrepid Youth the path of battle tried,
'And foremoſt in the hour of peril died.

'Nor was I preſent to bewail his fate,
'With pity's lenient voice to ſooth his ſtate,
'To watch his looks, to read, while Death ſtood by,
'The laſt expreſſion of his parting eye.

'But other duties, other cares impend,
'Cares that beyond the mournful grave extend:
'Now, now I view conven'd the pious train,
'Whoſe boſom ſorrows at another's pain,
'While recollection, pleaſingly ſevere,
'Wakes for the awful dead the ſilent tear,
'And pictures (as to each her ſway extends)
'The ſacred forms of lovers, parents, friends.
'Now Charity a fiery ſeraph ſtands
'Beſide yon altar with uplifted hands.

'Yet, can this high ſolemnity of grief
'Yield to the Youth I love the wiſh'd relief?
'Theſe rites of death—ah! what can they avail?
'HONORIUS died beyond the hallow'd pale.

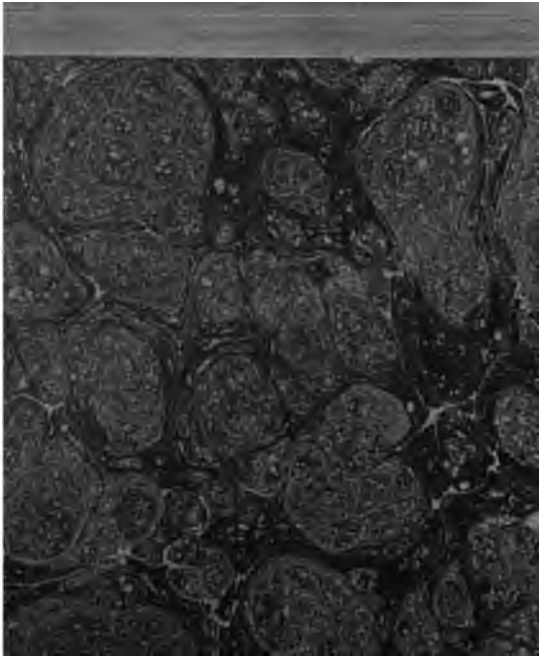
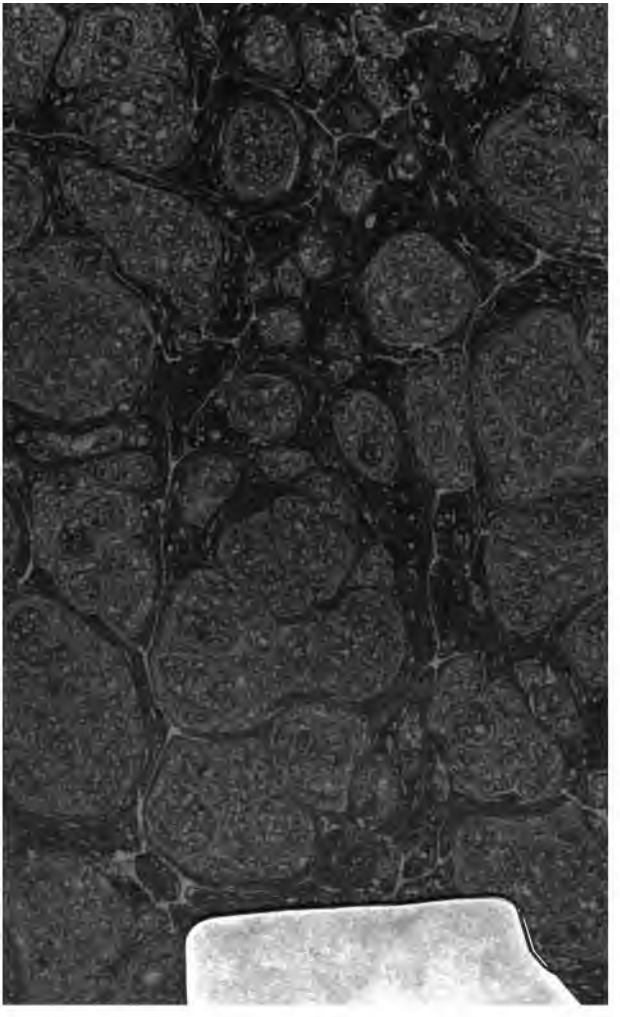
' Plung'd in the gulph of fear—diſtreſsful ſtate!
' My anxious mind abhors to know his fate:
' Yet why deſpond? could one ſlight error roll
' A flood of poiſon o'er the healthful ſoul?
' Had not thy virtues full ſufficing pow'r
' To clear thee in the dread recording hour?
' Did they before the Judge abaſh'd remain?
' Did they, weak advocates, all plead in vain?
' By love, by piety, by reaſon taught,
' My ſoul revolts at the blaſpheming thought:
' Sure, in the breaſt to pure religion true,
' Where Virtue's templed, God is templed too.

' Then, while th' auguſt proceſſion moves along,
' 'Midſt ſwelling organs, and the pomp of ſong;
' While the dread chaunt, ſtill true to Nature's laws,
' Is deepen'd by the terror-breathing pauſe;
' While 'midſt encircling clouds of incenſe loſt
' The trembling prieſt upholds the *ſacred hoſt*;

'Amid theſe ſcenes ſhall I forget my ſuit?
'Amid theſe ſcenes ſhall I alone be mute?
'Nor to the footſteps of the throne above
'Breathe the warm requiem to the Youth I love?

'Now ſilence reigns along the gloomy fane,
'And wraps in dread repoſe the pauſing ſtrain:
'When next it burſts, my humble voice I'll join,
'Diſcloſe my trembling wiſh at Mercy's ſhrine,
'Unveil my anguiſh to the throne above,
'And ſigh the requiem to the Youth I love.

'—Does Fancy mock me with a falſe delight,
'Or does ſome hallow'd viſion cheer my ſight?
'Methinks, emerging from the gloom below,
'Th' immortal ſpirits leave the houſe of woe!
'Inſhrin'd in Glory's beams they reach the ſky,
'While choral ſongs of triumph burſt from high!
'See, at the voice of my accorded pray'r,
'*The radiant* Youth adorns the fields of air!

'Behold!—he mounts unutterably bright,
'Cloath'd in the fun-robe of unfading light!
'Applauding Seraphs hail him on his way,
'And lead him to the gates of everlasting day.'

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.